# Man's Life

The Action Magazine For Men

## "HOW MATE-EXCHANGE HAS AFFECTED MY LIFE!"

NOVEMBER 50¢ PDC 554502 10P

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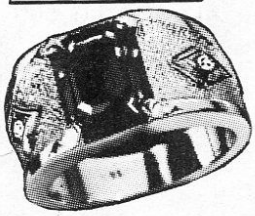

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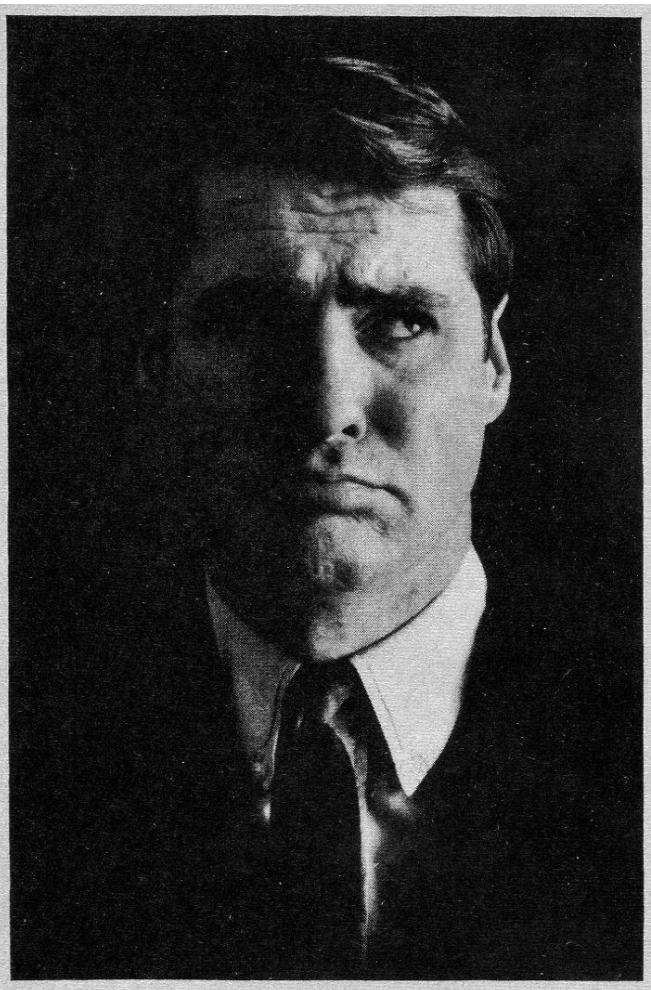

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# Man's Life

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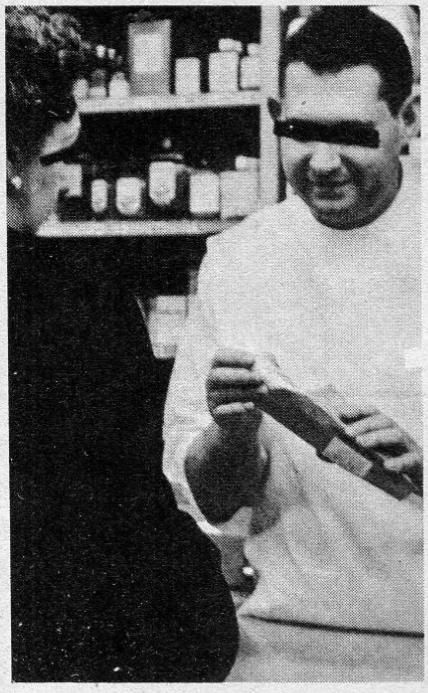

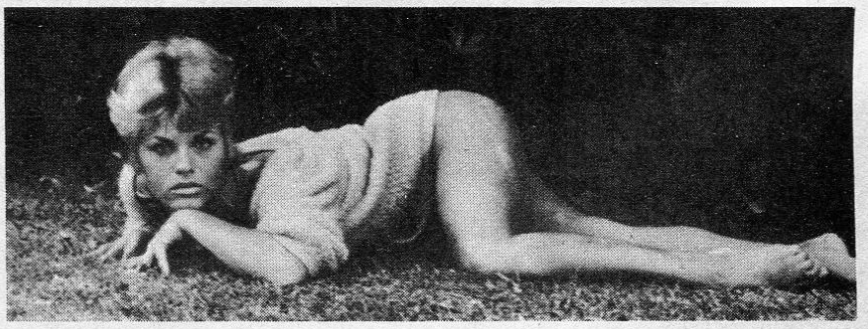


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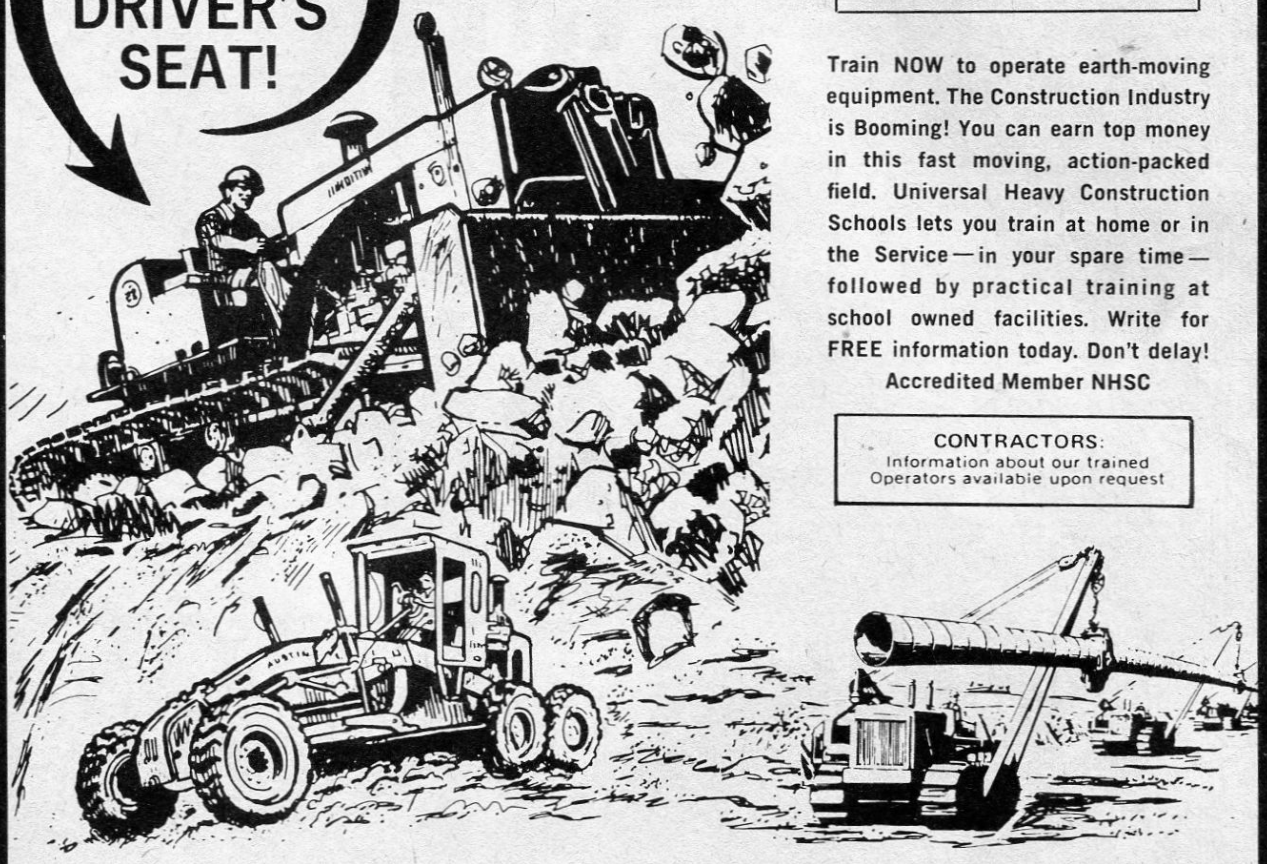

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# SHOOT TO KILL

by FEROZ KHAN

**It was a shot to challenge the greatest marksman in the world. And I had to take it, or see my best friend die!**

SECOND ONLY TO Abdul Hakim, my blood-brother, I loved that rifle. Day and night it never left my hand. When I put it down, I felt naked, for it seemed to have become part ot my own body. To lift it to my shoulder and take aim was a joy, and as easy as crooking my finger. I spent hour upon hour polishing it, cleaning it and handling it.

Abdul Hakim and I were the same age and we lived in a village in the foothills of the Himalayas. We were both crack shots and wasted fewer bullets than any other Afridi on the plains or in the mountains. Bullets to us were more precious than rubies.

I found the American Army rifle, a Springfield of the latest design, lying on the *maidan,* or open space, where a rich man's hunting party had camped. Yes, I said *found.* I picked it up from the sand where one of the hunters had dropped it, and I kept it for myself.

The next day I found a large quantity of ammunition near the exact spot where I found the rifle. I was able to use many bullets for practice, always at targets that other men vowed it was impossible to hit. When I missed, I tried again and again until a bullet found its mark.

One day, there was a theft in our village; an old woman was robbed. A pot of money had been taken from her hut while she slept, and she made her complaint to Nur Din, who was then our Chief. In our Afridi villages theft is a far graver matter than it is in your country, America. It is held to be a worse offense than killing, and the penalty is death by strangulation.

Nur Din was a wise man, and just. He sent every man, woman and child away from the village, leaving only himself and a few of the leading men remaining. Then they made a search. Suspicion had already fallen on my blood-brother, and his was one of the first huts they visited. The earth beneath his bed had been recently disturbed, so they dug there and found the pot with a little of the money remaining.

It was black evidence against Abdul Hakim. Too black, I felt. If he had really been the thief, he would never have left the money where it could so easily be found. Besides, I knew he was

*(Continued on page 12)*

# Who'd have thought I'd make so much money without going to college?

I still have to pinch myself every week when I open my pay envelope—it seems too good to be true!

Especially when I remember how sorry everyone felt for me because I couldn't go on to college with the others in my high school class. "How are you ever going to make it now?" people kept asking me. "Without college, it's a losing battle. Everybody knows that!"

Well, the college boys left for school, and I got my first job. And it was tough going for a while, I'll admit that—one dull, routine thing after another. From pumping gas to driving a cab to working on an assembly line in a factory. I worked hard but never "struck it big."

Then I read an announcement like this one about the opportunities in Electronics.

I discovered that, with proper training, I could have my pick of thousands of glamour jobs—in fields like radio and TV broadcasting, automation, computer servicing, or even the aerospace program.

And I found out that as you move up the ladder in this booming field of Electronics, you can earn the kind of money that even a college man could be proud of—up to $5, $6, $7 an hour... $200, $250 a week... $10,000, $11,000, even $12,000 a year!

And—most important—I realized how easy it would be to get the training I needed to break into this great field. The announcement said I could learn everything I needed to know, right at home in my spare time, with a home study course from the Cleveland Institute of Electronics.

Well, to make a long story short, I enrolled with CIE. I found that their courses had taken what seemed like a complicated subject and broken it down into easy steps. Sympathetic instructors sent me letters helping me over the rough spots. I really learned fast. And here I am now, a respected Electronics man—earning so much money I still have to pinch myself.

Thanks to CIE, I don't have to envy the college boys anymore. In fact, there are some that envy *me!*

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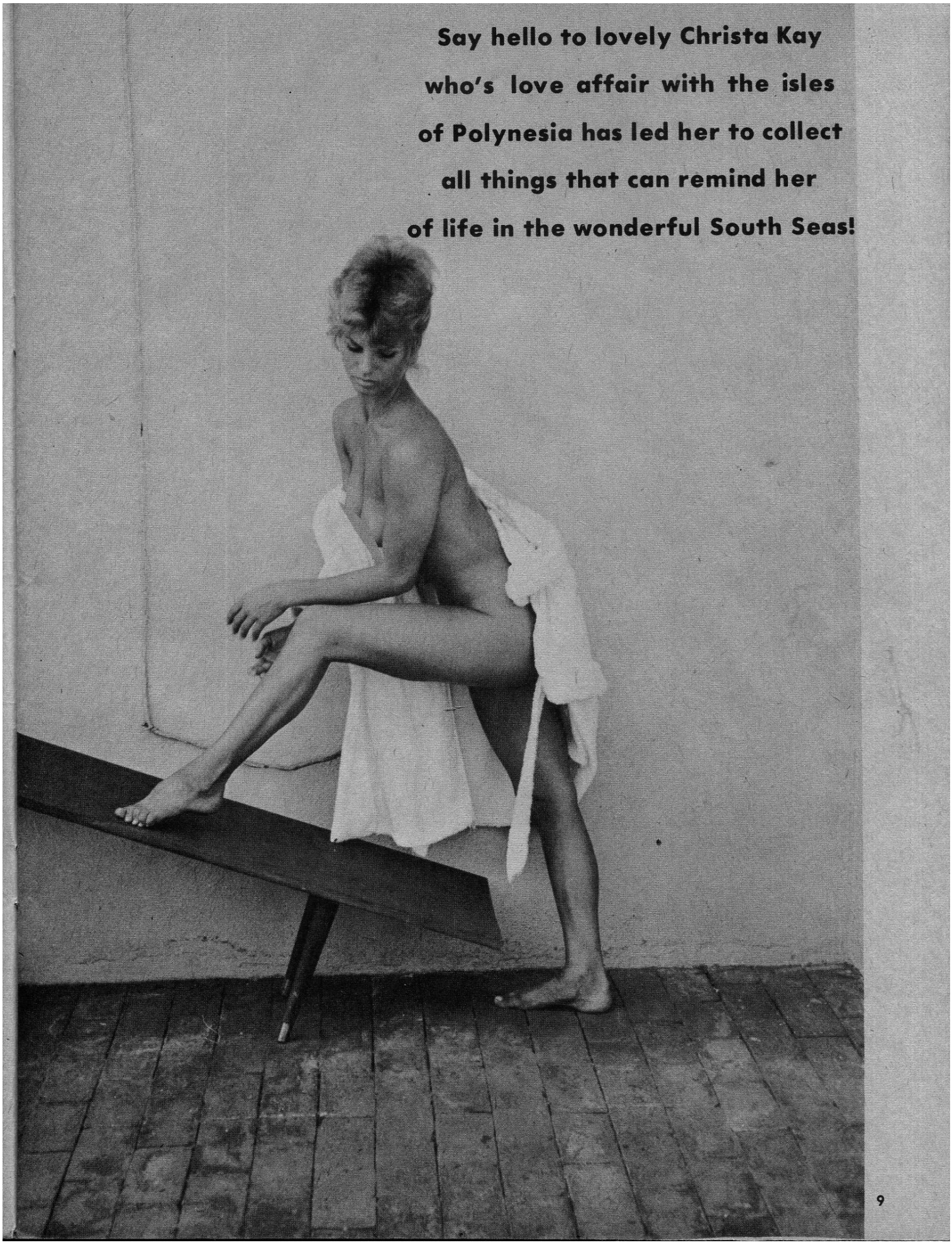
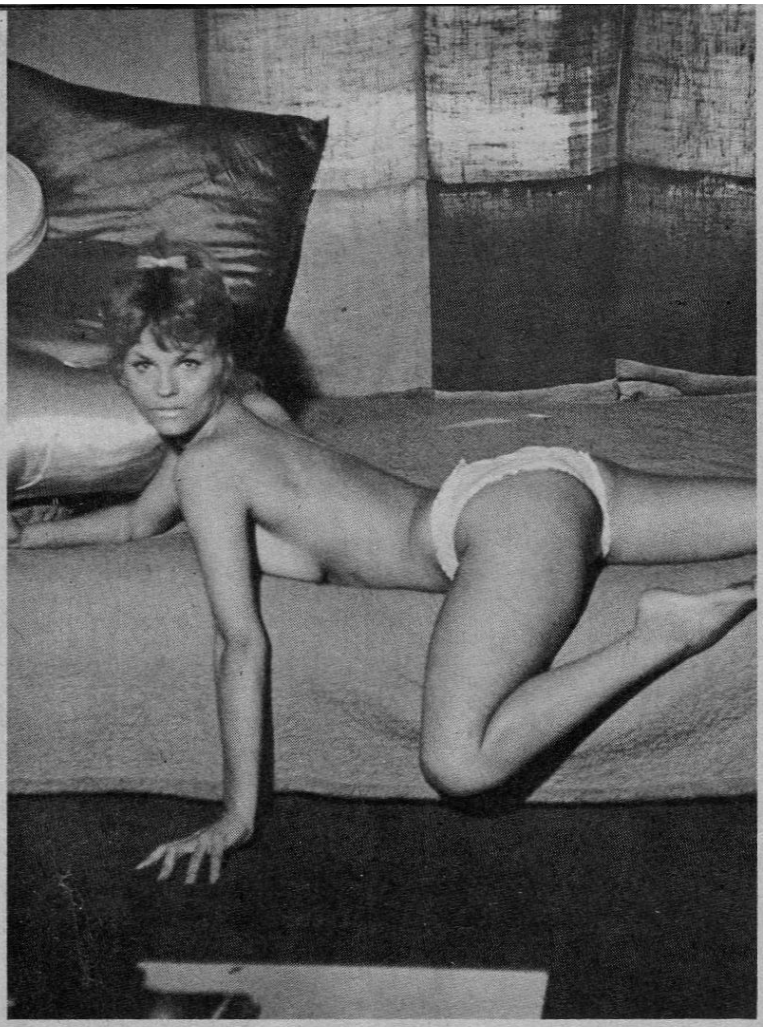
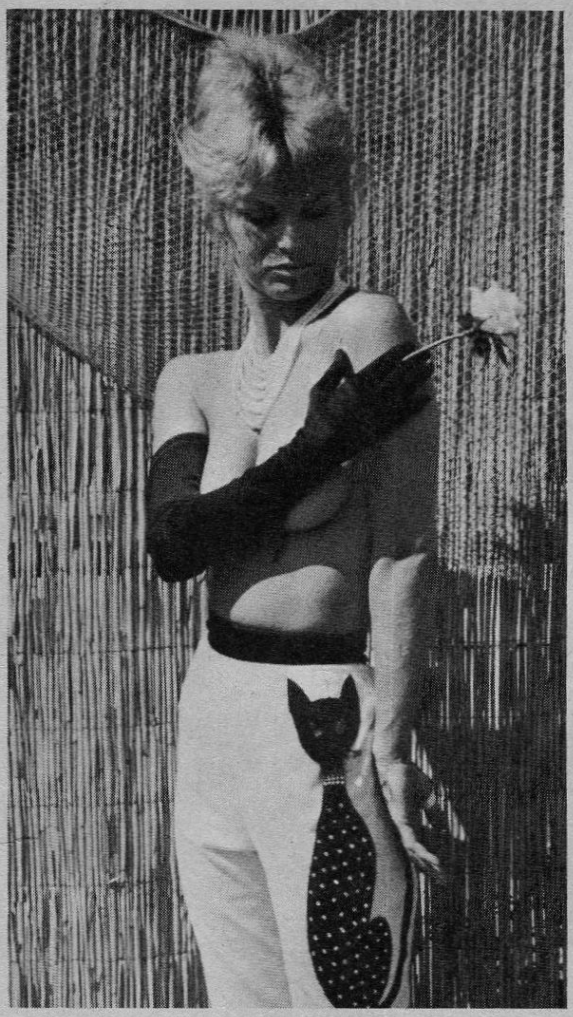
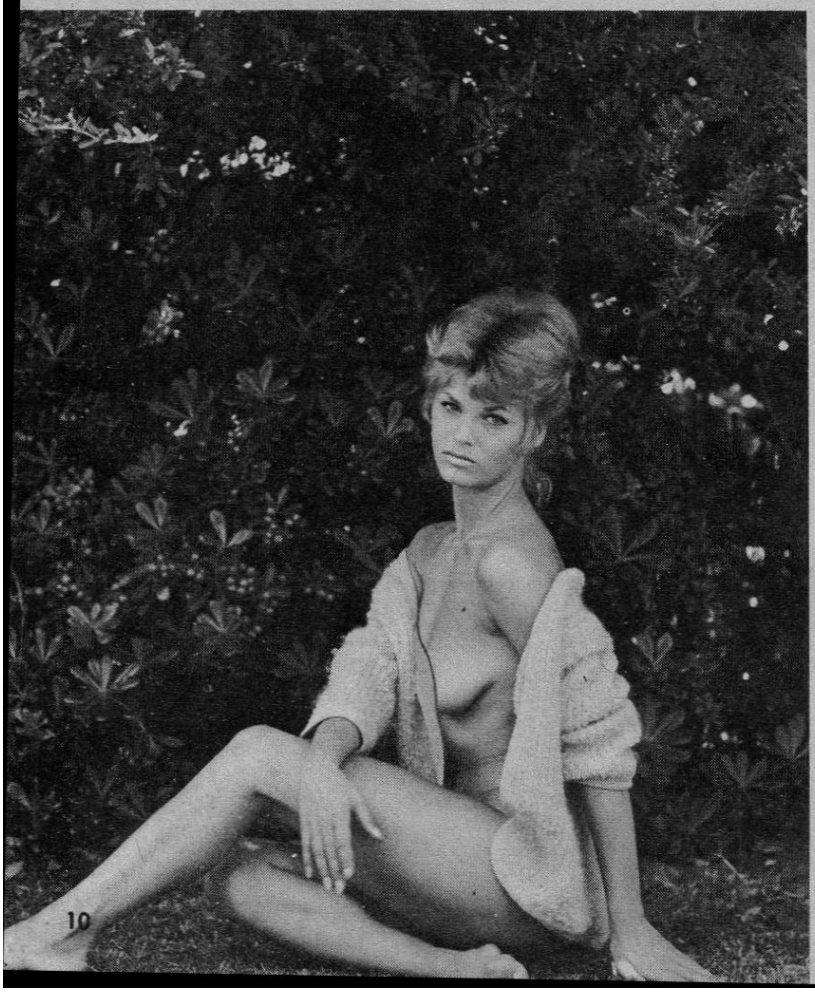
# CAT WOMAN


Say hello to lovely Christa Kay
who's love affair with the isles
of Polynesia has led her to collect
all things that can remind her
of life in the wonderful South Seas!







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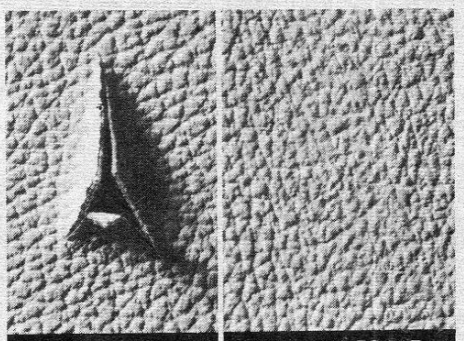
No one, previous to 1964 had developed a way to recolor or repair vinyl, Naugahyde or leatherette! Yet, the use of flexible vinyl material was steadily growing and being produced at the rate of more than a billion yards a year. In 1964, a prominent and talented chemist, Robert Bregoff, who had held top executive positions with two of the country's most prominent chemical and manufacturing corporations, worked on a product and application method that would be a fraction of the cost of re-upholstering and/or replacement and would provide ORIGINAL-LIKE QUALITY! The resulting trademark UTICOLOR process proved to be the successful answer.

UTICOLOR is unlike any other product offered today, does not merely cover a surface but through its chemical action (part of the patent) permanently integrates with the vinyl to make the color permanent, with the added softening effect. IT CAN MAKE OLD VINYL LIKE NEW AND EXTEND THE LIFE OF THE MATERIAL. Up to the development of UTICOLOR, vinyl, Naugahyde and artificial leather had to be either discarded or the piece re-upholstered when the material became worn, faded, was ripped, or burned. Now for the just fraction of replacement, you can help establishments, all over your territory save thousands of dollars simply by rendering your UTICOLOR Application Service. Yet, you can enjoy a substantial income week after week in this needed business.

## MAIL COUPON NOW

You will be supplied with complete instructions and equipment. Investment is required, of course, but your STARTING KIT, which costs you **less** than $120.00 (don't send any money now!) can return you gross sales of $2,500. Men and women can qualify for a UTICOLOR Applicator Dealership who have a sense of financial responsibility, initiative and good work habits. We are a firmly established, reputable company and stand behind our top quality products, cooperate whole-heartedly with UTICOLOR Applicator dealers. This is a business with promising future. Fill out coupon and mail it today for the complete UTICOLOR Service Business Facts.

### UNRETOUCHED PHOTO



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# SHOOT TO KILL

innocent. On the night the money was supposed to have been taken, he had been with me in the hills shooting leopard. But I was the only man who could prove this.

To me, and to Abdul Hakim himself, the matter was clear. He had an enemy, a lying dog called Shere Makmud. There had been a quarrel concerning possession of a young woman. Both Shere Makmud and my blood-brother had desired her. The woman had favored Abdul Hakim, and this trickery was Shere Makmud's revenge.

Yes, he was the son of evil, Shere Makmud! The reincarnation of the devil, ill-favored as a camel, a coward in a fair fight and a disgrace to the Afridi clan. Yet he had great cunning and a tongue that could babble like a stream when the snows are melting. Even I, who knew that he was speaking lies, could hardly disbelieve him when he *swore* that he had seen Abdul Hakim stealing away from the old woman's hut late at night.

Shere Makmud brought witnesses, too—his relatives and other lying jackals whom he had bribed to support his story. One of these witnesses had seen Abdul enter the hut. Another had watched him dig the hole and hide the money. Another had heard him boasting of the theft when his tongue had been loosened by wine!

They all swore such lies before the court held by Nur Din and the elders of the tribe. They vomited their untruths like poisoned wolves, and as I listened I thought I could see the death-cord being twisted around the throat of my beloved blood-brother.

Nur Din seemed to believe their lying evidence. But before he passed sentence, he called for anyone who would testify to Abdul's innocence. And I was the only one who could come forward, for I was the only one who knew for a certainty where Abdul had been that night.

IT WAS MY WORD against that of a dozen, and I had no golden tongue such as Shere Makmud possessed. It was with bullets I could talk, not words. On my knees before Nur Din, I gave my evidence, and the tears of injustice came as I spoke. I was young and I loved my blood-brother, and my heart ached at the thought of the wrong these men were doing.

Incredibly, though, Nur Din mocked me. He thought I was lying to save my blood-brother, and did not question me with easy words as he had done Shere Makmud and his friends. Instead, he spoke mockingly of my rifle. He asked me if I had ever been able to hit this target and that one, and when I answered truthfully that I had, he laughed aloud and called me a boaster and a liar.

He looked at Shere Makmud and his friends and they also laughed, wishing to stay in the Chief's favor. They were like jackals fawning 'round a lion. Then Nur Din turned to me and said:

"The feats you claim to have performed with your American rifle are impossible, therefore you are condemned out of your own mouth as a liar. How then are we to believe what you tell us concerning Abdul Hakim? If your tongue lies about such a small matter as your skill at shooting, how much more must it lie when the life of your very own blood-brother is at stake?"

The words angered me. I answered hotly that I spoke the truth about both my skill at shooting and Abdul's innocence.

Nur Din bent, and he lifted a pebble from the ground. It was round and white and not quite as large as a hen's egg. He held it up so that all could see it, and asked if any man would undertake to hit that stone with a single bullet, firing at a range of 400 yards.

There was laughter at the question. At 400 yards the pebble would appear as a minute white speck, even to a man with the eyesight of a hawk. If he hit it with a single bullet, it could only be by accident.

Nur Din turned to me and spoke tauntingly:

"What has Feroz Khan, who claims to be the greatest shot in all the Himalayas, to say about this matter? Surely Feroz Khan, with his magic skill and his magic American rifle, can hit this great rock at such a short distance!"

I was young and foolish and my blood was on fire by reason of the way they mocked me. Although in my secret heart I felt no certainty about the matter, I answered boldly that I could hit the pebble with ease.

My words were greeted with the scorn and laughter they deserved. Those were Afridis who heard me, fighting men who had carried firearms since they could walk. They knew that my claim was but an empty boast, and they shouted to the Chief that he should put me to the test.

Nur Din raised his hand for silence. He answered in a loud voice so that all could hear.

"Against the evidence of a dozen men, Feroz Khan has sworn that Abdul Hakim is innocent of theft. Also, he has claimed that he can do the impossible with his rifle. It is in my heart, therefore, to expose him as the liar he assuredly is.

"I will give him a chance to fulfill his boast. Tomorrow, Abdul Hakim will be tied to a post so that he cannot move. This pebble will be placed upon his head. If Feroz Khan can topple the pebble from the head of his blood-brother without grazing the scalp, I will take it as a sign from Allah that his blood-brother is innocent of theft. If Feroz Khan misses the stone by aiming high and wide, Abdul Hakim will die with the strangling cord 'round his neck according to our custom. And if the bullet flies low and kills Abdul Hakim, we will know that he is guilty and that Allah himself has dealt justice.

"Feroz Khan, you have heard my words. Do you agree to make the test?"

What could I do except agree? If I had refused, my blood-brother would have lost even this slim chance of his life being saved.

So I agreed. Outwardly my face was bold, but there was no confidence within me. It was such a little pebble. And how could I, under such a burden of anxiety, shoot my best? A man must have an easy mind if he would shoot straight.

I PASSED THE NIGHT cleaning my rifle and offering prayers to Allah that he would defend the innocent. When the sun was fully risen, they took me to the place where the test was to be made. Abdul Hakim had been bound to a post so that he could not move a finger, and Nur Din himself placed the pebble upon his head.

At 400 yards distance I lay down and sighted my rifle at the stone. Behind me stood Nur Din and the elders of the village, and with them were Shere Makmud and the other men who had given false witness. And these false ones grinned and whispered to one another as they watched.

I had planned to fire quickly, but my heart was beating so wildly that my hands trembled. The pebble danced about the foresight like a tiny white insect. Perspiration ran down my forehead and blinded my eyes. At last, I lowered the rifle in despair without having touched the trigger.

And then I heard Shere Makmud and the dogs that were his friends yelping their glee! They thought I was afraid to fire! They were right, but that was not for them to know.

It was as if a devil came into my heart when I heard their laughter. I turned to Nur Din and asked if he would grant me a favor.

He asked me what I wanted. I answered, "Nur Din, it is in my heart to shame these fools. In their ignorance they think it is impossible to hit the pebble at this range. Shall we move back another 100 yards so that I can prove the marksmanship of Feroz Khan?"

And Nur Din answered, "It is your choice. Since you think the test is too easy, we will increase the range."

So we moved back another 100 yards, to the foot of a hill that stood beside the plain. And again I lay down and took aim.

Now I could no longer see the pebble, except as the faintest blur of white upon the darkness of Abdul Hakim's

(Continued on page 43)

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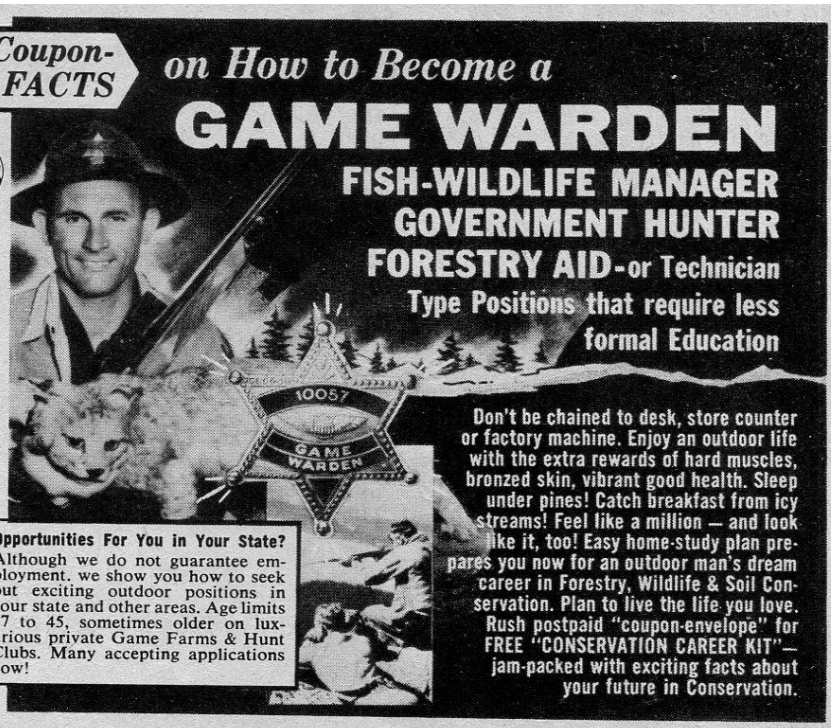


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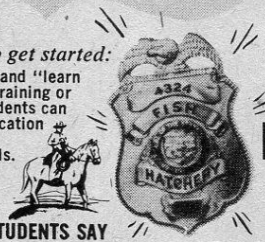

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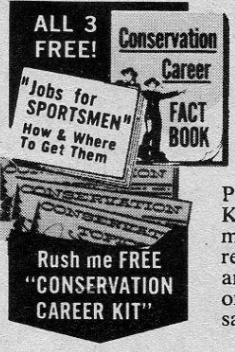


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# Did You Know That...?

• **AND THEN THERE WAS LIGHT**—The General Electric Company announced that approximately 41,750,000,000 electric lamps have been produced in the United States since Thomas Edison invented the bulb 76 years ago. The firm predicted that the same number of light bulbs will be produced in the next 15 years. It said the electric lamp touched the lives of more people more often and in more different ways than any other manufactured product.

• **TEA-RRIFFIC**—The Tea Council of the U.S.A., Inc., claims the Dutch introduced tea to Western Europe and the U.S., not England, as is the common belief. The English Colonists in Massachusetts did not begin to use tea until about 1670. Tea cost about $40 a pound in those times.

• **NO CAMERAS**—The sixty members of a Dallas photographers' association were quite embarrassed at the election of their new president. When the moment arrived to take his picture, none of the members had a camera with him.

• **SLIPPERY PROCESS**—A bar of soap within the area of the workbench is a handy "tool" to possess. Hard-to-drive nails and screws are easy to work with after they have been rubbed or plunged into a bar of soap. Soap, rubbed along the cutting edge of a hand saw, makes sawing much easier, too.

• **WHERE'S THAT LEAK?**—If you've found it necessary to add considerable brake fluid to your car during the last year, check the following: wheel cylinders, hoses and master cylinder. If you find it's none of these, check the stoplight switch. This is a frequent source of fluid leakage.

• **IS THIS LOVE?**—Police had this explanation today from the mother of a 14-year-old boy who was arrested three times for automobile theft in one week: "He goes with a little girl down the street and she won't date anybody unless he has a car."

• **TIPS ON PAINTING**—When you apply fresh paint over walls that are dirty or coated with grease, the fresh coat may crack or peel after it is hard and dry. It is best to wash the walls down before you do interior painting. . . . You'll find it's much easier to remove paint from your hands if you rub them with linseed oil before you start handling the paint.

• **CHECK THIS**—In Fresno, Calif., a man was sentenced to a year in prison for forging checks on his wife's bank account so that he could buy wedding and engagement rings for his girl friends.

• **TRIPLE TROUBLE**—In Detroit, after an auto drove into his service station, knocked a gas pump off its base, flattened an oil rack, bounced off two other pumps and drove off as one burst into flame, the attendant described his plight to police: "I had my hands full trying to keep from getting hit, burned alive or blown up."

• **KIND HEARTED THIEF**—In Beverly Hills, Calif., cab driver Perry Tartas reported to police that three men held him up, got away with $22 while one, who was left behind to finish the job, muttered before he ran to join his accomplices: "I'll give you a break; I'm supposed to slug you; pretend you're hurt."

• **WATCH THAT CHIMNEY**—If you sometimes notice flames and sparks, along with a good deal of smoke, coming out of your chimney, you have what is known as a chimney fire. This is caused by the inside of the chimney becoming coated with soot. When you get enough soot and the soot gets hot enough, it will ignite and start to burn. The chief danger of chimney fires is that some of the sparks may ignite the house roof or some adjoining roof, or it may even get to the house structure. The best way to prevent chimney fires is to have your heating equipment properly adjusted so that it produces little soot, and also have your chimney inspected and cleaned regularly. If a chimney fire does occur in fireplace chimneys, it can be put out by tossing salt on the fire in the fireplace or hanging a damp cloth over the fireplace opening. This cuts off the air to the fire and when fire doesn't get any air, it goes out. Closing the smoke pipe damper is also helpful because it reduces the amount of air reaching the fire. Of course, you should also call your fire department. But, best of all, prevent that fire, be precautious. ●

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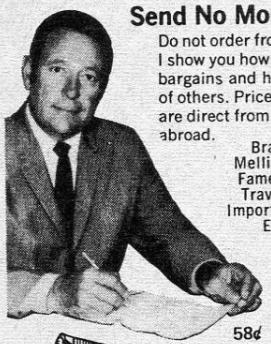

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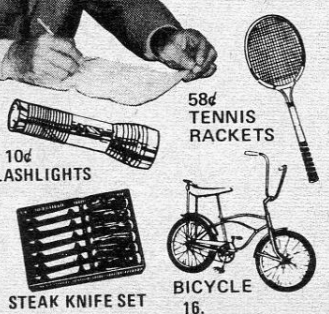


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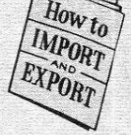


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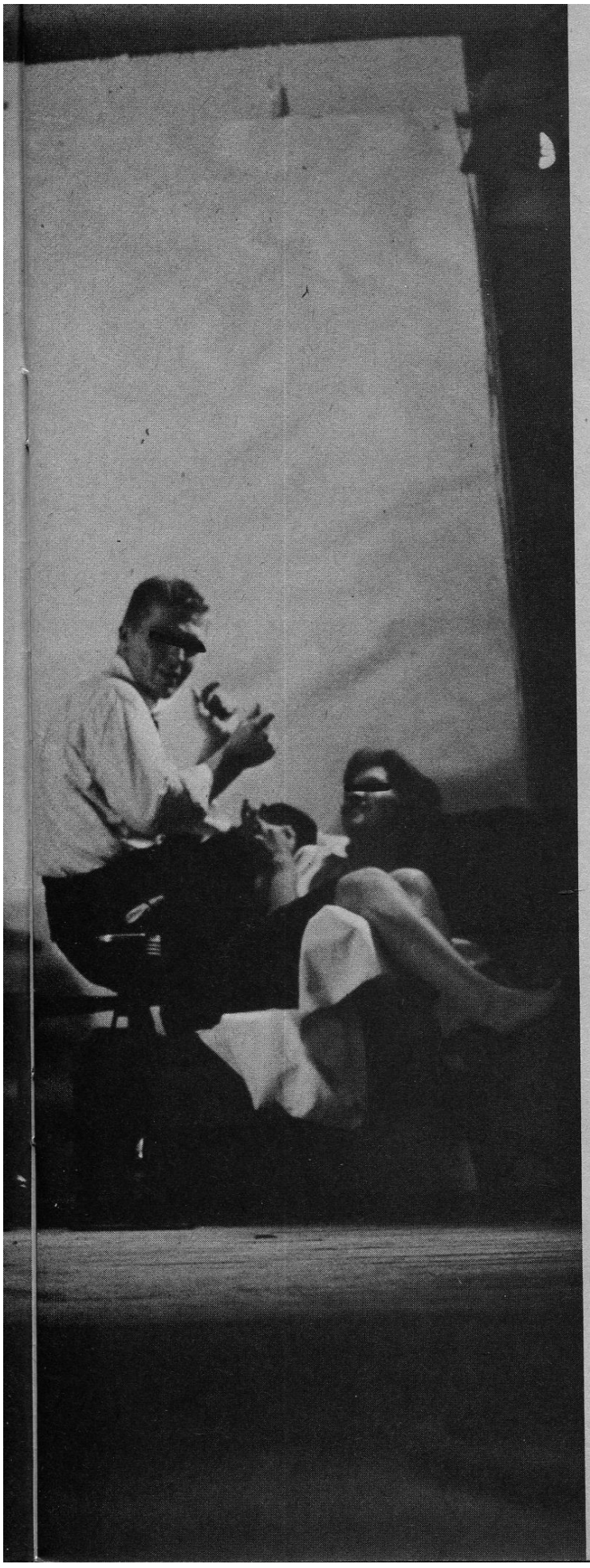
by MARTHA B----



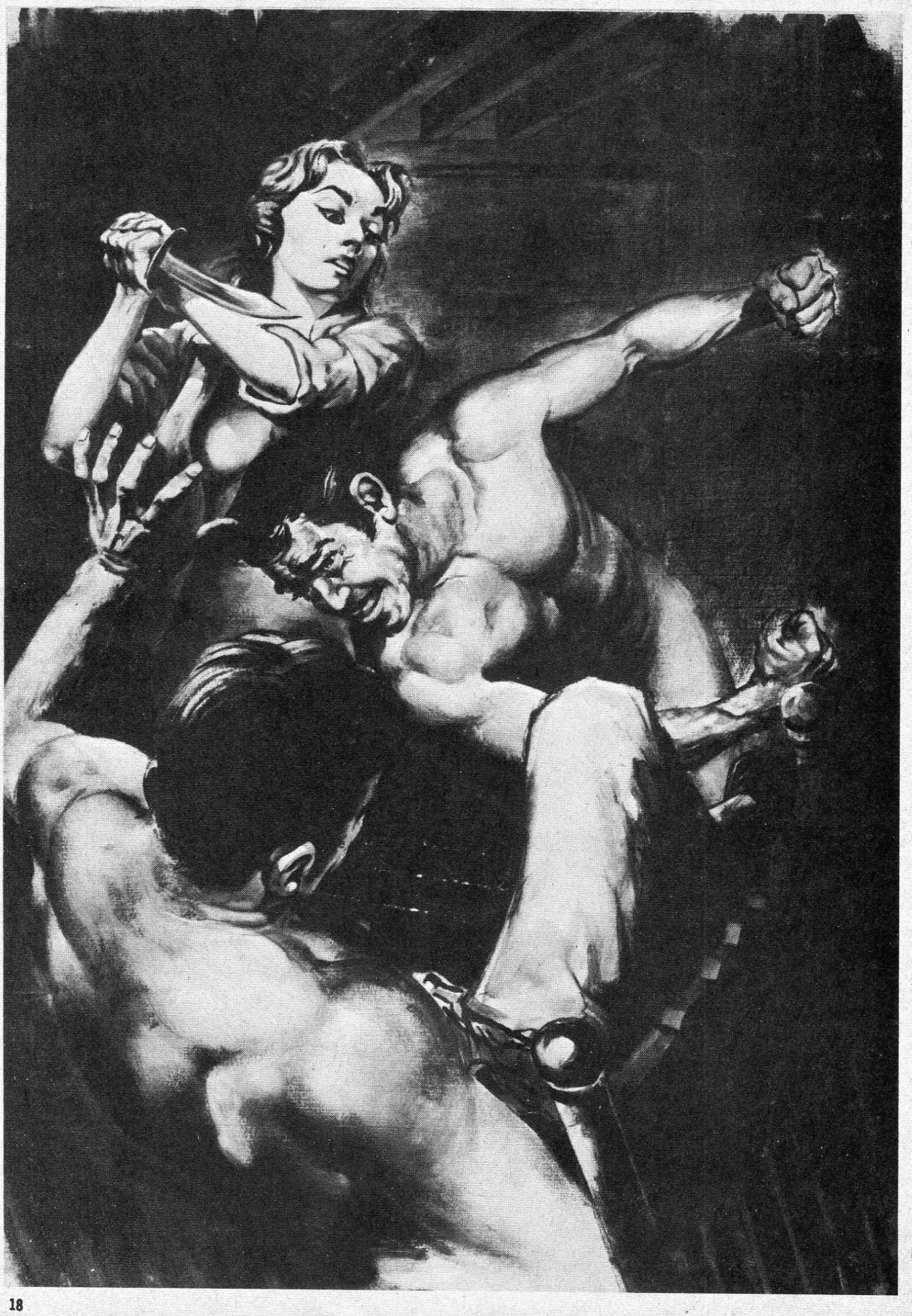
## The first time I took part I was scared to a state of terror. It took every drop of will power I was able to muster, just to go through with it. Then I learned what fun it could be!

UP TO TWO YEARS ago, I'd honestly have to say that the idea of wife-swapping had never entered my mind. The entire thing seemed so unreal, so totally impossible that left to myself, it would never have occurred to me. Sex was something private, something personal between my husband and myself. In fact, at that time, I couldn't have even mentioned the word, as I'm doing right now.

Now mind you, it wasn't that I was ashamed of sex, or backward about it. With my husband I could say and do anything that I wanted. There were no inhibitions in our own relationship. We enjoyed sex relations with each other totally and completely. And we were always ready to say, suggest or comment about anything that happened to be on our minds. Whether that's being an average couple or not, I don't know; but it is certainly normal and ordinary enough as far as I'm concerned.

I was fully aware that here and there my husband cheated on me. It wasn't anything serious or meaningful. When for business reasons he had to travel—he wasn't a salesman but there were one or two trips a year that he had to make—as often as not he'd avail himself of whatever was available to him. When we were first married he was backward about admitting that, but strangely (to me) I didn't really mind. It was just what I'd have expected a man to do. So after a while, he didn't bother to hide his occasional strayings and when he'd get back home he'd tell me all about it. I remember being absolutely fascinated the time he told me he'd gone to a house of prostitution. I wanted to hear every detail. And if he picked up a girl I'd want to know what she looked like, what they did, and if it was honestly as different as he'd thought it to be.

But the point is that though he had a little outside sex, I never did. Whether he would have minded or not, I honestly don't know. It just never happened. It never (Continued on page 43)



# THE KISSABLE CURVES OF A NAZI TORTURE QUEEN

The horror of the concentration camps became known to the world when allied troops overran them toward the very end of WW II hostilities.

**Prostitution inside the Buchenwald concentration camp? Well Gerta figured out how it could be done. There was plenty of profit and no witnesses who could love and tell!**

by ROY MARVIN

YOU COULD SMELL the place long before you saw it. Driving up the road from Weimar you went through a thick pine forest. But you didn't smell the clean green scent of pine. A greasy pall of smoke hung there in the forest like a grey ghost. Smelling the sickening sweet air of the pine forest, you'd think, "Something is dead around here." Something *was*: people, lots of them.

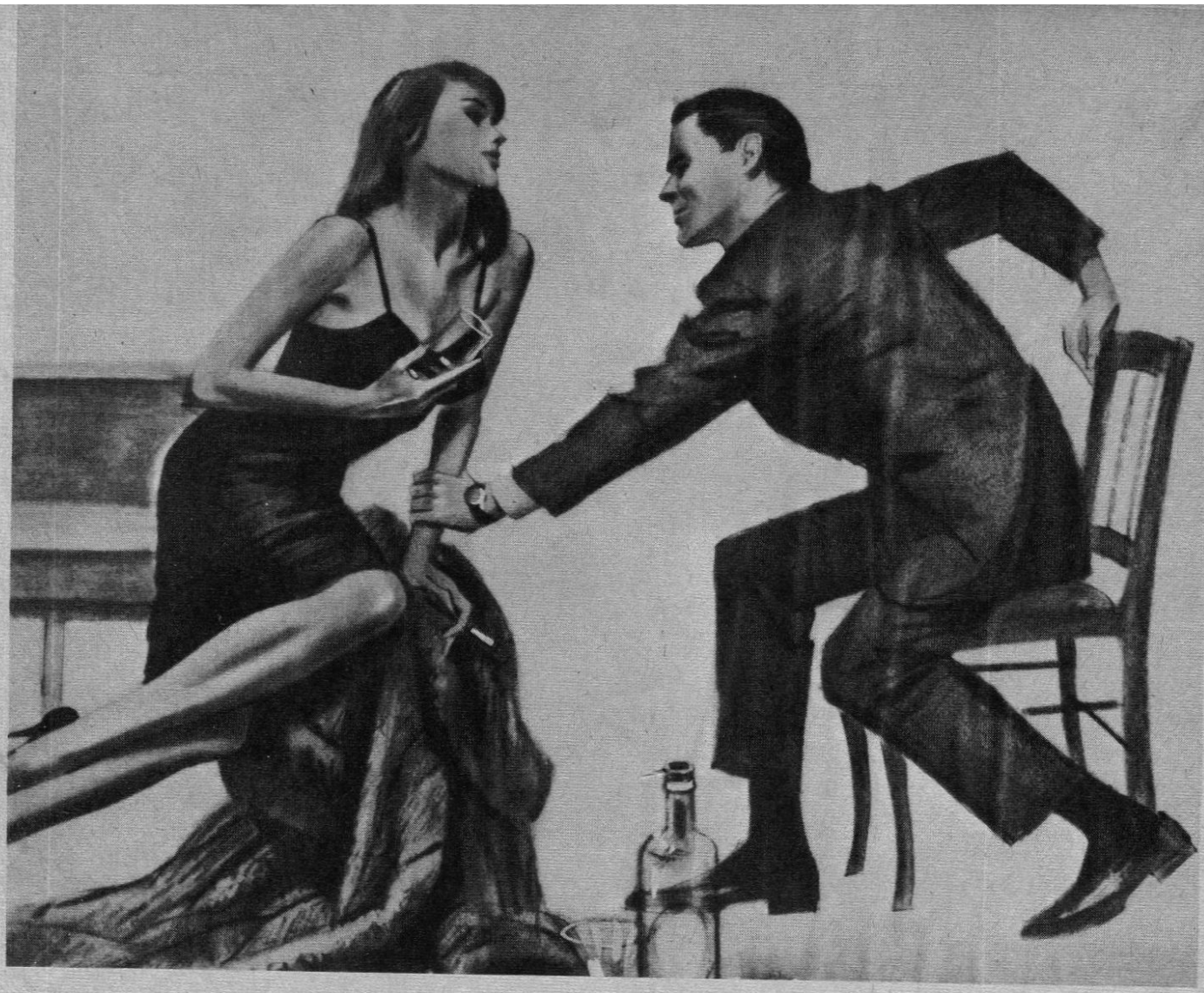
The road led up to a cluster of grey buildings done in the "Gemuchlicht" style so dear to the Germans. At first glance you'd take them for a resort or country club. Then you'd notice the barbed wire and the tall brick crematory stacks. And the sign over the gate. White letters on a rustic brown archway:

BUCHENWALD
KONSENTRAZIONSLAGER
(Buchenwald Concentration Camp)

It wasn't a tourist resort. It was the closest thing to hell man has ever dreamed up.

It wasn't hell to everybody. The SS Guards, healthy and well fed, swaggering

(Continued on page 40)



# WE FOUND THE TREASURE OF SAN ISYDRO

Looking up toward one of the lower passes where, at 9500 feet, two climbers who failed, are now buried on the mountain.

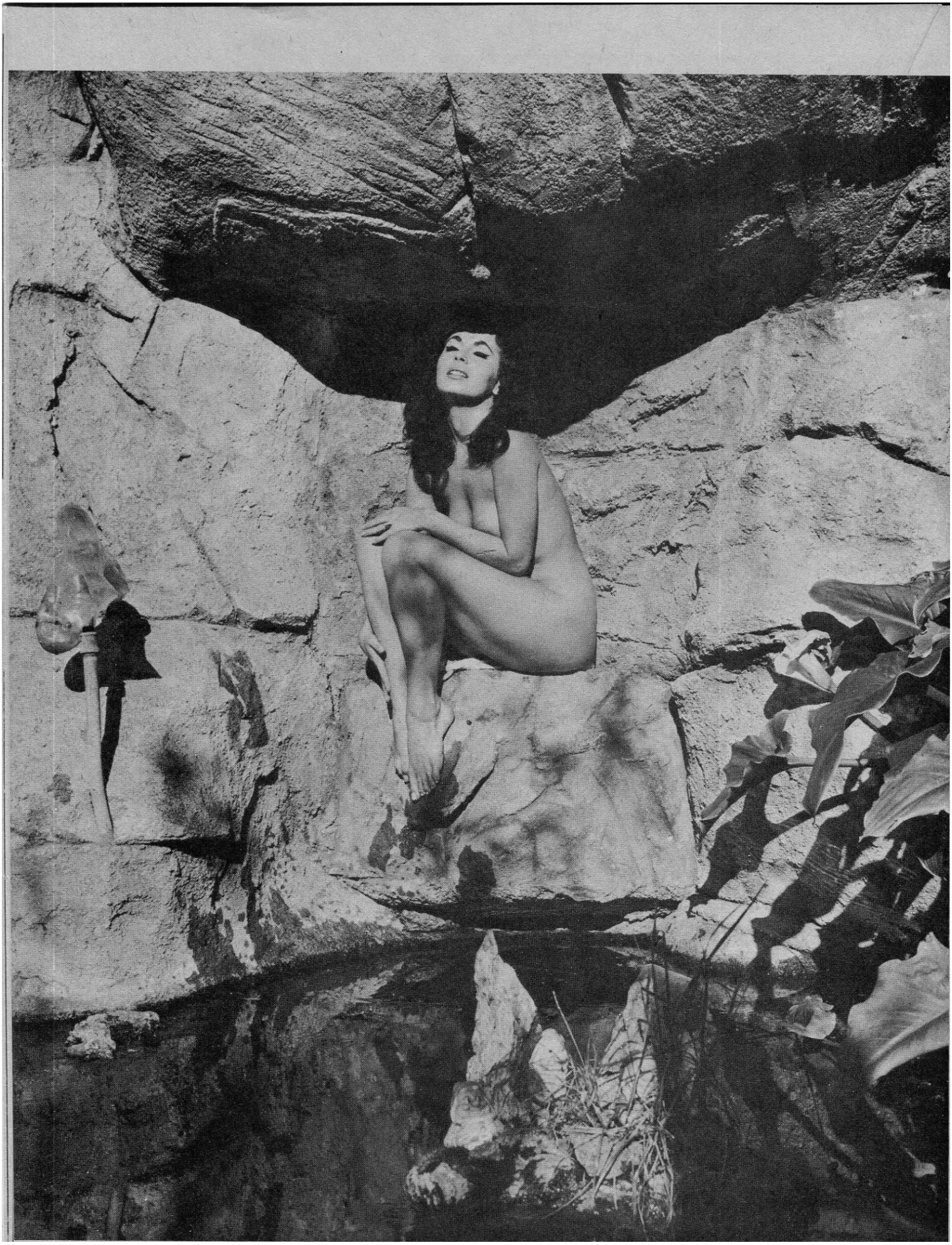
by McCLURE PREBUREN

WHEN MOST PEOPLE think of treasure, they naturally think of pirates. Somehow, the idea of freebooters of the eighteenth century, raiding ships, forcing prisoners to walk the plank, and then sailing to some deserted island to bury their ill-gotten gains is the romantic notion of half the world. It's the legacy of Treasure Island.

Most big treasures however don't have anything like that storybook history. Disasters, revolutions and war are more than likely to be their true parents. During any period where people are forced to flee for their lives, the number of hidden treasures grow. For more often than not, many of those who have great wealth cannot carry their possessions with them. They are limited by practical necessity in what they can remove. The rest of their valuables must be hidden, placed somewhere so that they will be safe from looting until the rightful owners return. Sometimes the owners do come back. Often they don't. And when they do not, the hoard stays where it was placed, waiting, perhaps forever, until some lucky soul happens to uncover it.

In our hemisphere, Latin America is a fertile ground for such treasures. The great revolutions of the 1840's turned out an enormous number of Spanish grandees. And while some two-thirds of the families came back and now control the wealth of their ancestors, there are hundreds of cases in which there were no survivors at all. Periodic (Continued on page 47)

**It wasn't too difficult to find the site on which the fortune was buried. But weather, earthquakes and sheer altitude made recovery of the hoard almost beyond hope!**

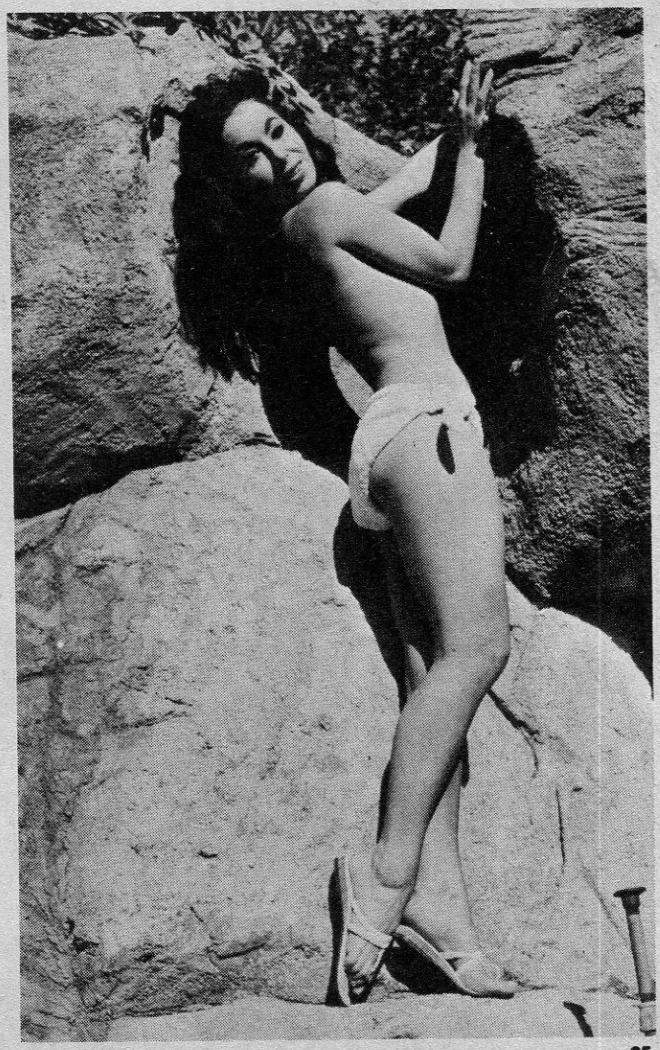


**The drums went bang when Terree McKay was born in the warm summer night some 20 years ago. And they still raise a riffle every time she comes to view!**

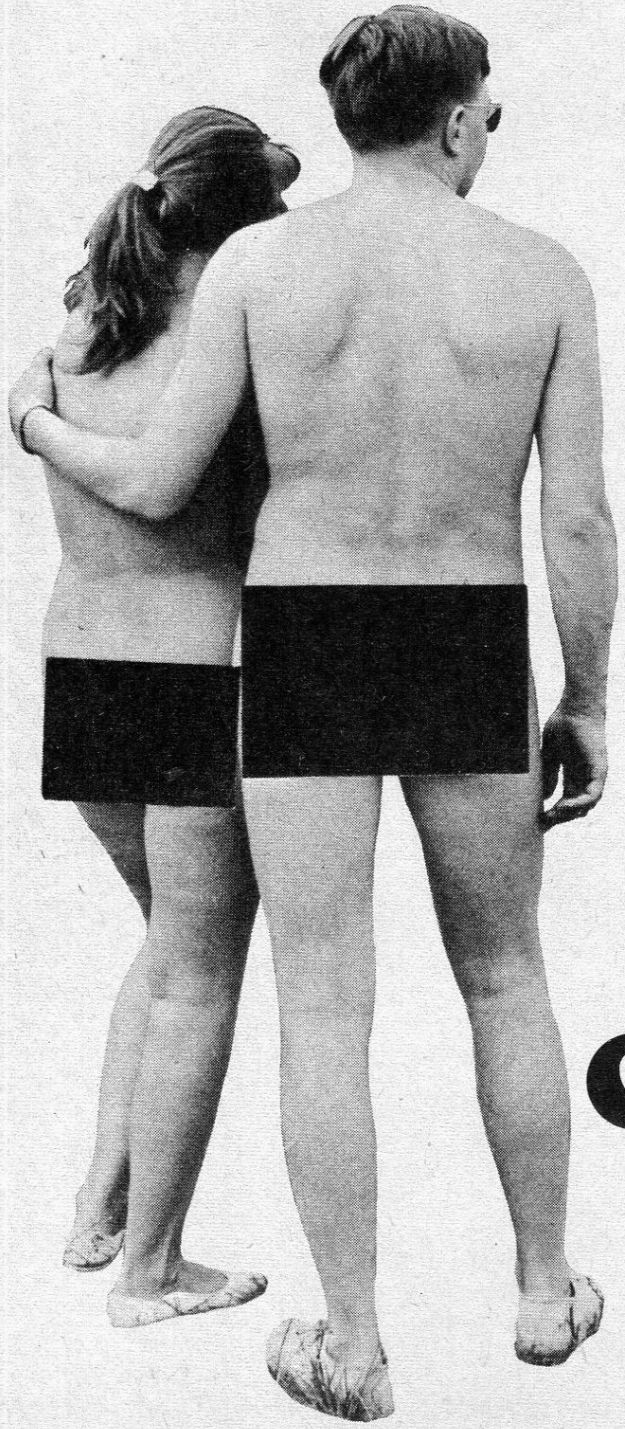
# DRUM MAJOR

# DRUM MAJOR

**Black-haired Terree McKay puts her long legs to work as a coast-to-coast club dancer. By the way, her figures total out at 36-23-36 inches!**

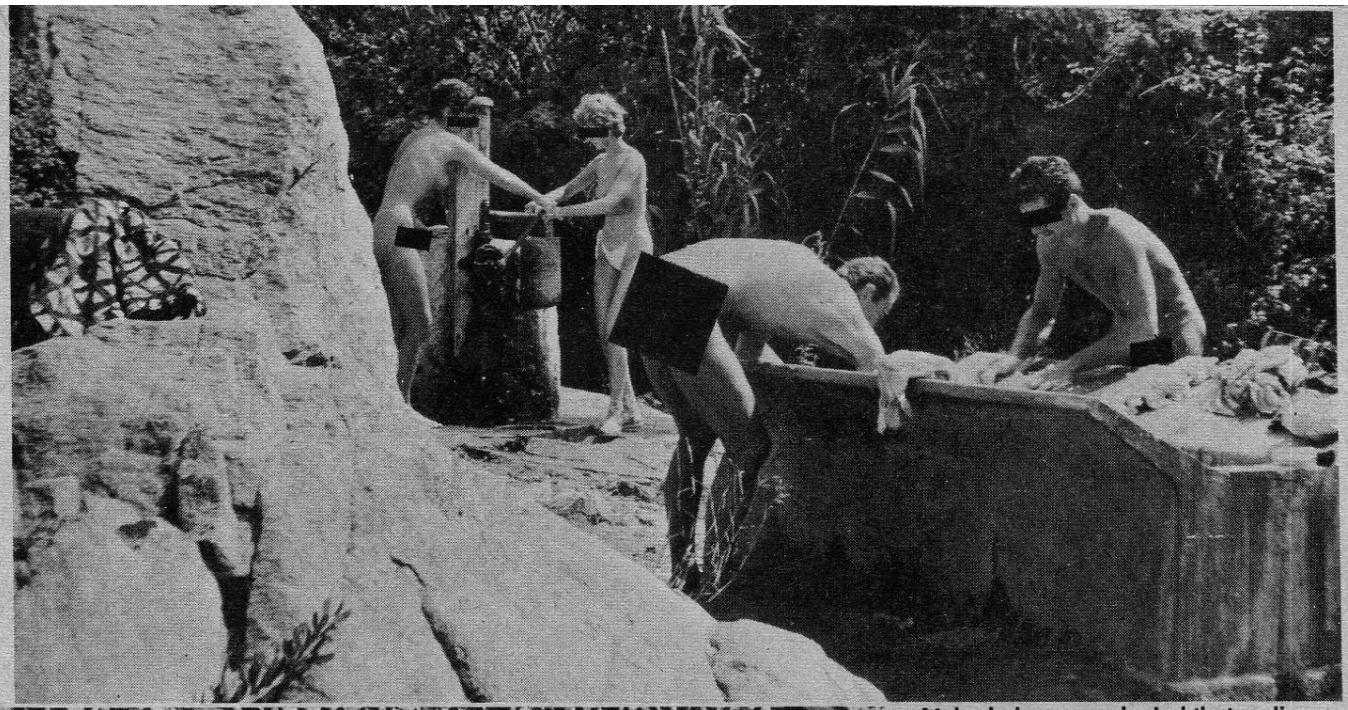


**When a man looks at a girl's body he usually thinks about more than volleyball. That's only too natural!**



# WHY SIN RUNS WILD IN NUDIST COLONIES

by THOMAS R. CHRIGHTON



Nobody has ever denied that nudism was a healthy and friendly type of recreation. Millions enjoy getting out into the sun with no clothing to interfere. They return home after their visit in better shape than they were before. Certainly the opportunity for sin is present at any resort, but in nudism the people start out a long way ahead of the game.

I'VE HEARD ALL of the theory and all of the glowing stories praising the practice of nudism for its contributions to health, welfare and morality. And I'm pretty well convinced that those who spread these glowing stories fully believe that this is so. For beyond any question, there are dozens and dozens of nudist camps that are so pure and upright, that an angel might spend a lifetime there, unsullied and unmarked.

Sure it's true. . .but. . .

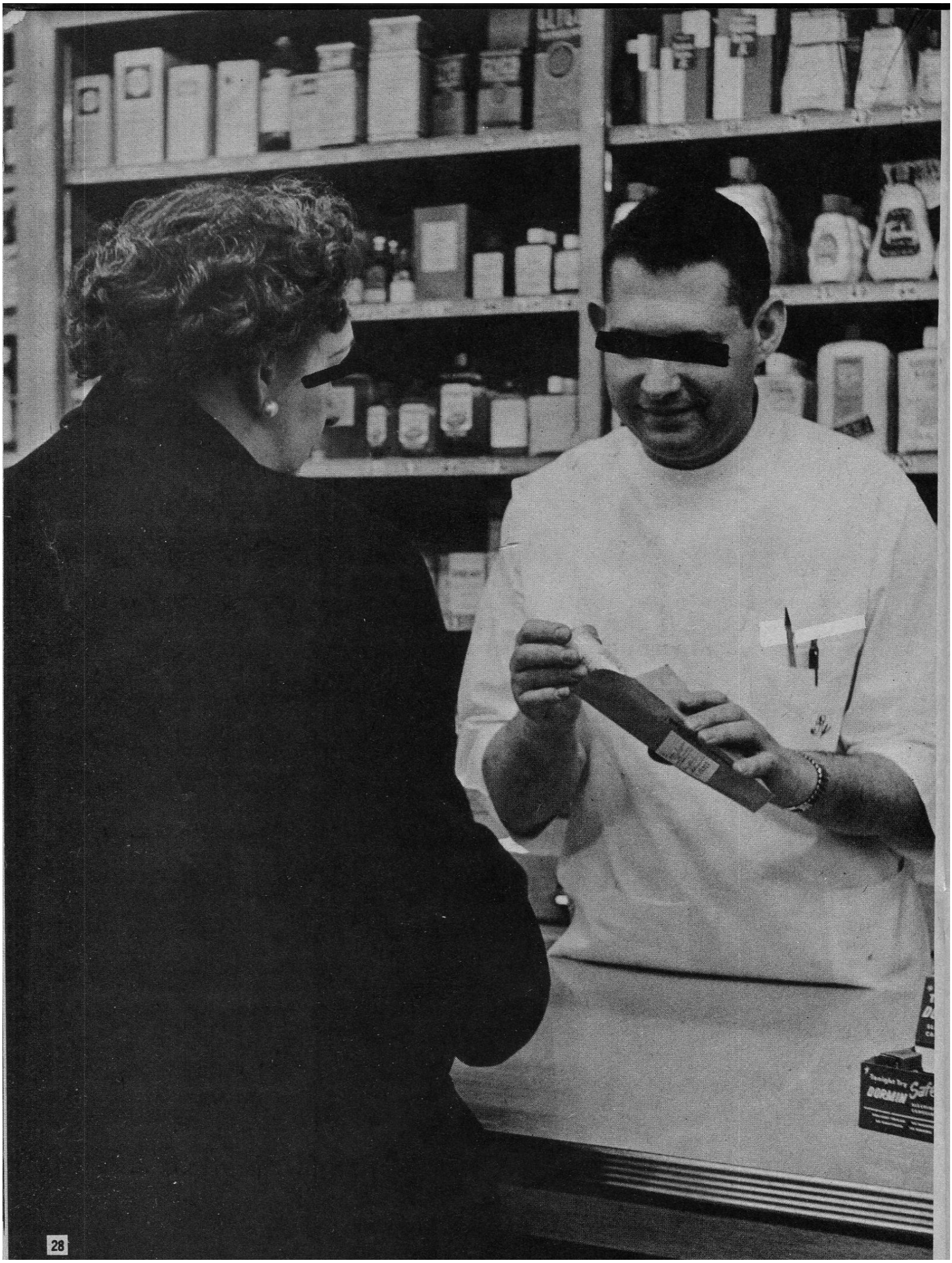
During the past year and then some, I've made it my business to visit numerous camps, some members of one of the associations and quite a number that were unaffiliated, and the sights I've seen, right out in the open, would be barred from the wildest sex show in Nogales or Mexicali. Because, to get right down to cases, three out of every four adults who attend a nudist camp go there for only one purpose. And whether you spell it with four anglo-saxon letters or spread it out to the medical book eleven, it all adds up to one solid word. . .sex!

Now it's easy to make accusations as everybody knows, but it's something else again when you can back them up with facts and examples. So here goes my research.

Let's begin with one delightful retreat in the southwest. It's a rather popular place. There are often as many as a hundred sun-worshippers in residence. The rule of the camp says "total exposure" and most of the girls take the rule extremely literally. From their point of view, just taking off their clothes is only the beginning. There's nothing particularly daring about that. A girl without clothing is hardly more of a sight than you can see in any of a hundred publications.

So they get specific. They want to make certain that any man within hailing distance can see even more. The girls assume postures guaranteeing that absolutely nothing is hidden. In fact, a few of the moral and modest maidens have made a little game out of stripping. The object being to see which girl can have the biggest effect on the most men. It's easy to keep score. In the nude, every male's state of interest is expressed in a most visible manner.

The game as it's played can get very tricky. For after a while, just showing off one's body can pall. So the girls (Continued on page 45)



# GO DOWN TO YOUR DRUG STORE AND DIE!

by HARVEY McCALL

**There are so many new drug concoctions on the market today that not even the most up-to-date doctor can keep track of them. Yet the wrong prescription can ultimately kill you!**

*"The young physician starts life with twenty drugs for each disease and the old physician ends life with one drug for twenty diseases."*

Sir William Osler, M. D.

THERE ARE many delusions about medicine, but one of the commonest is the popular belief that drugs can cure our ills. Actually, the reverse is true. Not only do drugs fail to rebuild health, but they often cause a vast amount of harm.

For instance, the *U.S. Dispensatory* (the most authoritative book on drugs) describes the use of quinine, and the frightening and unexpected side effects that may result:

"Even in the quantities employed for therapeutic purposes quinine frequently produces unpleasant symptoms. The most common of these is ringing in the ears often accompanied with a sensation of fullness in the head, and perhaps some obtunding (blunting) of the sense of hearing."

With the use of larger doses, these symptoms become intensified:

"The deafness is very marked, disturbed vision may exist, and the flushed face, with the sense of distension in the head, may point towards a cerebral congestion which is in some cases relieved by spontaneous epistaxis (nose bleed)."

Another drug often used in the treatment of disease is iodine. Most of us know that iodine is applied externally as a disinfectant, but how many are aware that it is also prescribed for internal use? Here is what the *Dispensatory* states about this drug, when taken internally:

"Even in medicinal doses it sometimes causes alarming symptoms, such as fever, restlessness, disturbed sleep, palpitations, excessive thirst, acute pain in the stomach, vomiting and purging, violent cramps, frequent pulse, and finally, progressive emaciation if the medicine is not laid aside."

Incidentally, even when applied externally, iodine can be harmful since it can be absorbed through the skin.

Bromides—generally used as sedatives—are another class of drugs which produce unpleasant and toxic symptoms. Dr. Lewis P. Gundry stated in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association that headache, anorexia, dizziness, tremors, fatigue, irritability, poor memory and transitory mental confusion are some of the early symptoms of bromide intoxication, and that if the medication is continued, or the dose increased, the symptoms of mild intoxication, restlessness, weakness, thick speech and unsteady gait become clinical features.

One of the greatest dangers in drug medication is their tendency to accumulate in the system. Though not always immediately apparent, detrimental effects can show up most unexpectedly, and be quite severe or even cause death.

(Continued on page 34)

"MINERS
CHARITY"

# THE WOMAN WHO HELD UP THE WEST

by NOEL M. LOOMIS

**When Pearl Hart held up the Arizona stage, the folks in Florence went wild. It was 1899 and it had been years since the last road-agent had been operating. The folks wondered what was coming!**

Pearl and Joe Boot began splitting the loot. It wasn't as much as they had hoped for, but Pearl was still excited. She was famous. And fame was the most important thing in her life. She didn't care what happened next.

IN 1899, a young girl skyrocketed to professional billing on a very amateur piece of infamy.

She and her partner held up the stage coach between Florence and Globe and created a furore in Arizona. When the stage coach driver rolled into Florence after the holdup, shouting the news that a lady road-agent had held up the stage, people rushed wide-eyed into the street to hear the story.

A posse gathered, and Sheriff Truman, questioning the driver of the stage coach, determined that the robbers were Joe Boot and Pearl Hart, familiar local characters around Globe and Mammoth.

Once again, the townspeople saw a sheriff and his posse thunder out of town. The old-timers recalled the old days of Tombstone and Casa Grande and other wild frontier settlements, and Pearl Hart was vaulted into fame and notoriety.

Enjoying the limelight, Pearl did whatever she could to maintain it. Maybe it all started with her fascination for the Wild West Show with its Indian fighters, "bad men," range-riders, and sharp-shooters that was a part of the midway of the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition held in Chicago.

Pearl had arrived in Chicago with her husband, a Mr. Hart, who was a charming, small-time gambler. He had no luck with gambling at the exposition, however, so he ended up as a barker in a side show.

While Hart was doing his job, Pearl didn't miss a performance of the Wild West Show, becoming quite friendly with some of the so-called bad men.

Pearl got tired of Hart, and decided to go west to Trinidad, Colorado. There, she later bore a son by an unknown father. Taking care of her baby son was hard work, so Pearl sent her son back to her mother, and took jobs as cook and hotel maid.

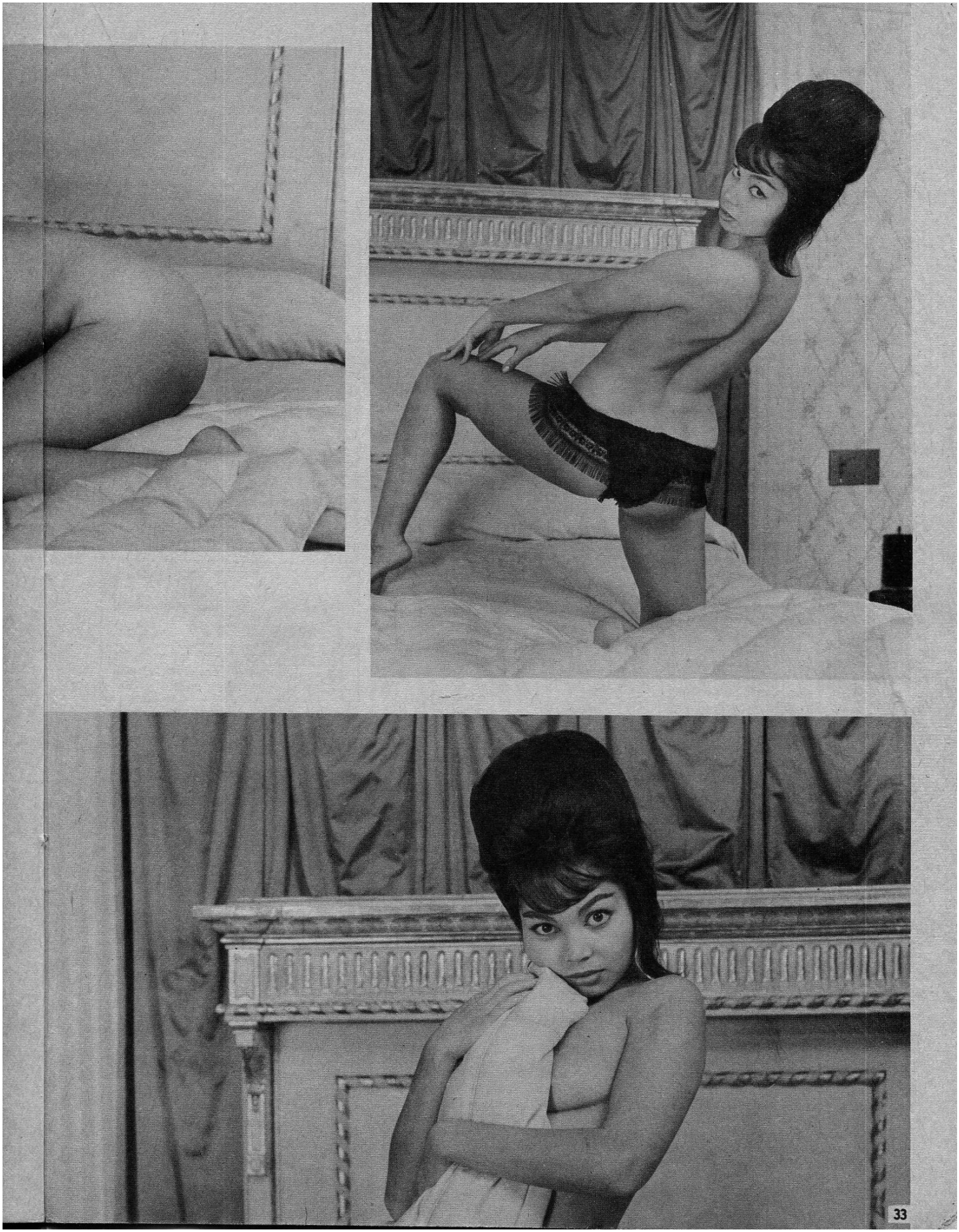
In 1895, she met Hart again in Phoenix. The gambler still possessed his old charm. He and Pearl had a long talk and he begged her to come back, finally promising that he would get a job.

That seemed like a pretty good thing to Pearl; and she consented to go back to him. For three years they lived in Phoenix happily enough, with Hart working as a bar-

(Continued on page 37)

# ONE NIGHT IN HONG KONG

**Winsome Mona How has been traveling ever since she was born in Hong Kong some 22 years ago. But she's settled down now in the USA!**



## DRUGSTORE AND DIE

(Continued from page 29)

Here is what the *U. S. Dispensatory* has to say about the cumulative effect of bromides:

"As the drug is eliminated very slowly, when used continuously, it tends to accumulate in the system and in sufficient doses may give rise to the phenomena known as bromism. The symtoms are muscular weakness, general mental and bodily sluggishness, loss of memory, often marked sleepiness, depression of spirits deepening into complete apathy, lowering of temperature, and finally scarcely more than a feeble automation.

"Despite the fact that it leaves the system through practically all the excretory organs, having been found in the sweat, saliva, urine, and intestinal mucus, it is eliminated very slowly and has been found in the urine as much as a month after the last dose..."

Dr. Theodore Cornbleet, University of Illinois Dermatologist, in a talk at the ninety-ninth annual meeting of the American Medical Association, pointed out that "the drug (bromides) which piles up in the body because of the system's inability to pass it off readily, will in some persons bring on simulated psychoses, such as manic-depression, which persists until the drug is counteracted," and then stated, "that perhaps as much as 5 percent of the nation's mental illness could be attributed to misuse of the drug."

Wohl and Robertson emphasized that chronic bromide intoxication is not an uncommon occurrence and then went on to state that symptoms of bromism may mimic almost any neuropsychiatric state and are frequently blurred by an underlying condition for which bromides are given.

THE UNTIMELY DEATH of Robert Walker, well known motion picture actor, is only one case history which illustrates the dangers of drugs which accumulate in the system.

It was reported that Robert Walker collapsed following a dose of sodium amytal. According to the press, he had been using this drug for some time on the advice of his doctor without any apparent ill effects, and that on the evening previous to his collapse took his usual dose of medicine. His death followed and was diagnosed as the result of "circulatory failure."

When death results from the use of any of these drugs, it is caused because the functioning of the heart, the breathing, or the circulation has stopped. This is then diagnosed as death due to "cardiac standstill," "respiratory failure," or "circulatory collapse."

Dr. Victor Cefalu, Assistant County Coroner, pointed out that sodium amytal has a cumulative effect, and did not mince any words in telling us that he regarded this as the reason for the "circulatory failure" in Robert Walker's case.

It is well to bear in mind that the harmful effects of drugs may continue unrecognized for a long time, and then show up without warning.

Dr. Irving S. Cutter, Dean of the Medical School, Northwestern University, Chicago, in his discussion of chincophen, a drug used in the treatment of gout, has mentioned that this drug is extremely harmful and therefore must be carefully administered:

"Unfortunately, the toxic effects may come on suddenly with so much injury to vital structures that nothing can be done to save life," Dr. Cutter stated.

It is essential to remember that the harmful effects of the drugs are often not recognized because they simulate or mimic other diseases.

Among the remedies most recently introduced are the anti-biotics or the so-called "miracle" or "wonder" drugs, such as penicillin, streptomycin, aureomycin and chloromycetin.

These "miracle" or "wonder" drugs are regarded as the last word in medicine and are considered most effective in the treatment of what are called "infectious" diseases. The fact is, however, that these drugs are effective merely as suppressants and not as cures.

At a recent conference held under the auspices of the New York Academy of Sciences, Biology Section, many of the authorities present explained that the anti-biotics "merely hold the infection in check as long as significantly high levels of anti-biotics are actually present in the blood stream" and that "when the anti-biotics are discontinued, a patient may suffer a relapse."

A fact which is now gradually emerging is that while the anti-biotics are suppressing the symptoms of disease, they also, in the words of Dr. Abraham S. Gordon, "undermine the system by which the human body produces disease killing anti-bodies."

This is true of all drugs which act as suppressants.

Another fact now gradually being recognized is that these drugs are not selective in the type of bacteria they hold in check. And while they may suppress or check the action of the disease bacteria, they also undermine or destroy the function of essential bacteria in the digestive organs, often causing serious intestinal and ano-rectal diseases.

Dr. Sylvan D. Manhem in an article in the *New York State Journal of Medicine* pointed out "that the administration of these drugs resulted in ano-rectal complications which in some instances were severe enough to require surgical treatment."

In an article in the *U. S. Armed Forces Medical Journal*, Captain Robert L. Gilman called penicillin an allergic hazard and reported "that reactions in presensitized patients are marked by chills, fever, prostration, arthritis symptoms, and shock" and then continued to point out that recovery from these reactions "takes a long time and there may be serious relapse."

Dr. Alton Ochsner, Chairman of the Department of Surgery of the Tulane University School of Medicine, in a report delivered at the thirteenth Congress of the International Society of Surgery referred to the dangers of the anti-biotics in surgery. He pointed out that a marked increase in deaths from thrombo-embolism (the formation of clots in the veins) has taken place from the use of these drugs in surgery.

Out of 580 cases of thrombo-embolism at Charity Hospital in New Or-

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leans, 203 cases ended in death from pulmonary embolism, a condition in which the clot reaches the lung. Dr. Ochsner went on to say that "the incidence of thrombo–embolism and the increased number of fatal cases from pulmonary embolism is probably due to the increased coagulability (thickening) of the blood resulting from the almost routine administration of antibiotics to all hospital patients."

That the anti-biotics can cause death is apparent from many medical reports. Dr. Abraham Rosenthal, Assistant Medical Examiner in Brooklyn, reported that eight people were killed by penicillin in the last two years and that "the eight–none seriously ill–died within minutes after injection from massive allergic reactions."

The dangers of chloromycetin, one of the more recent anti-biotics, and the fatalities that resulted from its use are now history. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* in a series of articles, July 5 and August 2, 1952, called attention to the dangers of this drug, while *Time* magazine reported that a quick and thorough check by top-notch authorities found that "choloromycetin was connected with the death of at least 72 aplastic anemia victims."

Ethan Allan Brown of Boston, referring to this problem as it relates to the anti-biotics described, "today's enthusiastic but haphazard use of antibiotics as 'appalling'" and then went on to say:

"It is misleading to speak only of patients whose deaths are recorded as resulting from reactions to antibiotics," since "there are more deaths which do not get into print."

"Still more numerous are serious reactions short of death. Finally there are countless allergic reactions," he continued.

"In many cases, allergic reactions are not reported because the patient did not die from them. What the medical reports fail to stress is how many had wished themselves dead." Dr. Brown further asserted that he was one of those exquisitely sensitive to penicillin who wished himself dead.

DEALING specifically with the subject of penicillin, Drs. Samuel M. and Alan R. Feinberg, in a guest editorial in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, pointed out that the allergic reactions "in different groups varies from 1 to 5%" and that many fatalities resulted from the indiscriminate use of this drug. "We know personally of a number of fatal cases that have not been reported," the authors stated.

"There are a variety of types of allergic reactions to penicillin." Some of these reactions, in non medical language, are skin rashes, swelling of the joints, fever, visceral and nervous system disorders.

The authors also mention that "a number of papers describe myocardial (heart) and renal (kidney) changes occurring during the serum sickness type of reaction."


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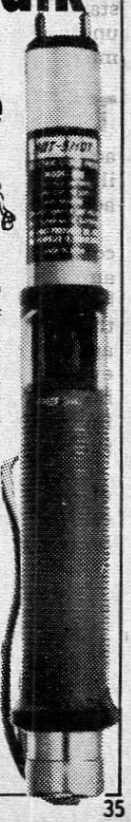

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The harmful results occurred whether the medication was administered in the form of an injection, taken by mouth, inhaled, taken in the form of a lozenge, or applied externally to the skin, the authors pointed out.

That most drugs are poisonous is well known. What is not so well known is that drugs can be poisonous even when taken in small or medicinal doses. Thienes and Haley (*Clinical Toxicology*) classify the drugs used in ordinary medical practice such as aspirin, quinine, the barbiturates (phenobarbital, sodium amytal) bromide, atrophine, codeine, belladonna, caffeine, aconite, cinchophen, morphine, mercury, arsenic, the sulfa drugs, the hormones like thyroid, and such drugs as digitalis (which is classed as a cardiac poison), as well as the nitrites (nitroglycerin and amylnitrite) discoumarol and heparin (which are used in different types of heart disease to counteract clotting), under such headings as convulsant poisons, central nervous system poisons, poisons acting on nerve trunks, ganglia and nerve endings, muscle poisons, protoplasmic (tissue) poisons and poisons of the blood and hematopiotic (bloodmaking) organs.

Marion B. Sulzberger and Victor H. Witten in *Postgraduate Medicine* mentioned that "fatal reactions to drugs are not altogether uncommon," and then pointed out that "not only dermatologists, but also physicians in general are now recognizing the ever increasing incidence of dermatoses (skin diseases) due to drugs."

"In addition to the skin, other organs and the nervous system also may be affected; for example, blood changes, fever, delirium and shock may be present."

ACCORDING TO Thienes and Haley, such drugs as the barbiturates, arsenic, the coal tar analgetics, digitalis, insulin, mercury, nitrites, quinidine and quinine, may cause circulatory collapse. Digitalis, ephedrine, quinine and quinidine may cause brachycardia or a slowing of the pulse. Atropine, benzedrine, ephedrine, epinephrine, nitrites, and thyroid, may cause tachycardia or a rapid pulse beat. Aconite, digitalis, epinephrine, ephedrine and thyroid may cause heart irregularities. Ephedrine and epinephrine may cause hypertension or high blood pressure. Aconite, arsenic, barbiturates, coal tar analgetics, and nitrites may cause low blood pressure. Ephedrine, epinephrine, lead and nicotine may cause constriction or spasms in the blood vessels. Arsenic, dicumarol, heparin, sulfonamides, and thiouracil, may cause hemorrhage. Arsenic, barbital, lead, morphine, sulfonamides, nitrites, and thiouracil, may cause various disorders of the blood.

Isn't it logical to conclude that any remedy or drug which can interfere with the function of the heart and circulation can ultimately cause permanent damage? This is the reason the progressive physician recognizes the importance of working with the forces of the body and places his reliance on sound physiological principles, rather than on remedies which merely camouflage the symptoms of disease, and thereby distort the picture.

While the number of dead reported from medication may not seem large when the vast number of people who submit to it is considered, if the number of deaths which are not reported as having been caused by the drugs or which go unrecognized, and the countless people who become affected by them short of death are taken into consideration, then we have a very formidable picture indeed.

IF PEOPLE CANNOT rely on drugs for help, what are they to do in case of illness? This is a logical question, and a point which must be clearly understood if we are to avoid confusion. Before this question can be answered, a clear picture of how disease develops and what symptoms are, must be obtained.

The great mistake in the conventional treatment of disease is the failure to recognize the underlying causes of diseases, and because of this we are unable to understand what the symptoms which appear in disease mean. We then blame many of our diseases on germs and viruses and are content when an anti-biotic or any of the other drugs of a suppressive nature relieves the annoying or frightening symptoms of the disease. We overlook the fact that any measure or treatment which controls or subdues the symptoms of disease without eliminating the underlying causes, cannot restore health.

Dr. Abraham S. Gordon, Chief of the Arthritis Clinic, King County Hospital and Jewish Hospital in Brooklyn, in an address before the Medical Society of the State of New York pointed this out very clearly.

"Antibiotics have been, and still are a great advance in anti-microbial therapeutics. The little animalculae (bacteria) have been caught by surprise and they are retreating before the onslaught of our new weapons," he stated.

"But . . . this victory is only temporary. A battle has been won but the war is still on, and the enemy is quite formidable. Some day in the future, and we see some signs of it now, the bacteria will develop a resistance to all anti-biotics and it is a question whether we can keep a step ahead of them."

Geneticists all over the world, are experimenting with viruses and germs and finding out, under controlled conditions, just what the effects are of the various drugs. They are not only interested in the effects of a drug on a current set of viruses, but also how potent they are against ensuing generations.

He then went on to say that "recent medical evidence suggests that the wide use of anti-biotics has changed benign bacteria into agents capable of causing disease.

Dr. Gordon's clear-sighted approach to this question should make us realize that our major need is to correct the underlying causes of disease and not to be content with merely hiding the symptoms. ●

## HELD UP THE WEST

(Continued from page 31)

tender and also as hotel manager.

But Hart wasn't really the domestic type. One night, during a quarrel, he slapped Pearl into unconsciousness and left to join the army. His wife hoped he'd meet up with a Spanish bullet, but he didn't. He came back when the war was over, as charming as ever, and expecting to be welcomed. But Pearl gave him a jug of whiskey, and said, "Here, take this. And don't come back!" He didn't.

In 1899, Pearl took a job as a cook at the Mammoth Mining Camp. There, she met Joe Boot, a miner with a dashing appearance and black mustachios.

Soon, Joe told Pearl he was going to Globe a few miles away because he had a job. Tired of cooking for "mule-eared miners," as she called them, she asked to go with him.

When they reached camp in Globe, Joe got his job, and Pearl became a cook in a miners' boarding house.

Then Pearl got a letter saying her mother was very ill. Immediately, Pearl sent away all her savings. Soon, another letter asked for more money. Medicine and doctors, it seemed, were expensive. Joe pitched in his savings and that left them with practically no money and a lot of worries.

Finally, whether it was in jest or not, Joe said, "We could hold up the stage!"

PEARL WAS HORRIFIED. "Oh no, Joe!" she exclaimed. "We couldn't do that!"

But Joe explained that the stagecoach, which was the last one in the Territory, running between Globe and Florence about sixty-five miles apart, carried a number of passengers who usually had quite a bit of money. All they would need was a show of guns to scare everybody, and Joe and Pearl could relieve the passengers of their cash and hit out for Mexico.

The longer Joe talked, the more interested Pearl became. Finally, she agreed to do it. Disguising herself as a boy by cutting off her hair and tucking it up under a white sombrero, she put on a man's grey flannel shirt, levis, and boots. Then she armed herself with a forty-four-caliber Colt, while Joe took a forty-five.

On the Globe Highway, they waited at a sharp bend where the stage coach driver would have to brake his horses. Soon, they heard chains jangling, and the two-horse team of the stage came lumbering along, with the driver cracking his whip. Pearl and Joe moved out to the highway with revolvers ready


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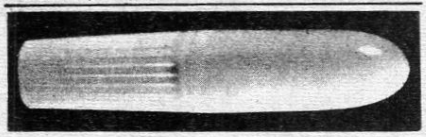

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"Stop!" Joe shouted.

"Put 'em up!" cried Pearl.

The driver pulled up on the horses, and the passengers fell forward onto the floor in a heap.

Pearl jerked open the door.

"What happened?" one man asked stupidly from the floor.

"Get out!" Pearl commanded, waving her revolver.

Three passengers stumbled fearfully out of the coach—a fat man, a dude with a middle part in his hair, and a Chinaman.

Pearl tried to look ferocious and tough. "Pull out your money," she ordered, gruffly.

The fat man was scared, but with shaking hands he managed to produce about three hundred dollars; the dude, thirty-six, the Chinaman, five—all told about four hundred dollars plus some watches and jewelry.

Pearl dumped it all in a sack and took out three one-dollar bills. She handed one to each passenger. "Buy some food and lodging," she told them, grandly. Then she waved her revolver again. "Climb back in," she shouted, "and don't look back for ten minutes."

As they clambered anxiously back into the stage, the fat man tripped over the step and fell on his face. The others piled on top of him.

Pearl slammed the door shut, let out a screech, and shot off her gun into the air. The horses reared and started down the road at a gallop. Joe and Pearl watched, laughing loudly over the fat man who had been so scared, and at the coach which was now careening along the rough road with the passengers bouncing around inside.

The stagecoach got to Florence in record time and there was a great hullabaloo. Arizona had had a stage holdup. The old days were back! Arizona had a lady road agent! Papers called her "the daring lady bandit." Soon, everyone in Arizona knew about the stagecoach robbery and talked with considerable pride of the deed.

IN THE MEANTIME, Pearl and Joe jogged along the highway in a leisurely fashion. They had made no plans for escape. In the old days, highwaymen would have had horses planted along the way, and in a few hours they would have been far from the scene of the robbery.

Suddenly, Joe, remembering something he had read in a penny dreadful, spoke up. "We gotta criss-cross our tracks to fool the posse."

"That's right," Pearl said amiably

On the narrow trails, they doubled back and forth all the rest of the day, at last reaching the highway to find that they were only a mile away from the spot where they had robbed the stagecoach!

Galloping down the highway, they crossed a creek and made camp in a thicket. They rolled out their blankets, hobbled their horses, and went to sleep.

The next day Joe made plans. "We gotta stay in the woods the rest of the day," he decided.

As usual, Pearl agreed.

That evening Joe was restless. "I gotta have a smoke," he said, irritably.

"Forget it!" Pearl said unfeelingly.

"I'm gettin' my pipe and tobacco out of the cabin," Joe growled.

"You can't!" Pearl protested.

But Joe really wanted that smoke. He went to his cabin in the Mammoth Camp and soon returned with his pipe and tobacco.

The next day they found some caves in a hill and went into one to hide out. Joe, going in first, came back to say there were two gleaming eyes in there.

"Shoot at them!" Pearl ordered.

Joe fired five shots before the growling stopped and then, crawling back in, he found that he had killed a wild hog. They spent the night in the cave with the stink of dead hog and gun powder.

The next day they started out, doing some very hard riding. The horses gave out. Pearl saw some horses in a field "Let's take them," she said.

"And be hanged as horse-thieves? No!" Joe was adamant.

They went on slowly now and came to a wide creek. Pearl jumped her horse and made it. Joe was not so fortunate, and Pearl had to dive in and rescue him. She spent some time getting the creek water out of him.

Still coughing, Joe sat by the fire while Pearl cooked a dinner of bacon and beans. When they sat down to eat, there was a sudden downpour, soaking them and making a soggy mess of their cold beans and bacon. Utterly miserable, they huddled under blankets and went to sleep.

Sheriff Truman and his posse, who had been following them for sometime, finally caught up with them, and surrounded them with great caution, expecting to be shot at. But when he closed in on them, they were sound asleep. The Sheriff carefully pulled the pistols out of their holsters and then nudged Pearl. "You're under arrest," he said. "Get up."

Foggy with sleep, Pearl jumped up, reaching for her gun. Finding her holster empty, she burned the posse's ears with language worthy of any bagnio. Then she turned on Joe and called him "a damned coward."

THE POSSE COOKED breakfast for them and then took them into Benson, twenty miles away. There, they took the train to Casa Grande, and left at dawn the next day for Florence.

With reporters standing around to get the story, and a crowd of people at the depot to meet them, it looked as though Pearl was going to be a heroine. Also, Pearl forgot Joe was "a damned coward" and held hands with him.

They were both put into separate cells in the Florence jail, and Pearl held open court for all her admirers. By now she was talking like a real western character.

1899 was apparently an ideal time for a lady road agent to catch the public eye and become a national celebrity. Pearl represented the romance of yesterday. After all, she had done this for love and a dying mother. She reveled in the attention she was getting, and insisted on exonerating Joe and taking all the blame. She even remembered to worry about her horse and ask it be taken care of well.

Pearl Hart captured the imaginations of the people, and she made the best of it. While she was in jail, she became a violent suffragette. She sent out word to the women of Arizona to fight against the laws by the male sex, and she in turn refused to be tried under laws passed without women's participation.

The women listened, and for a time, husbands crouched lower behind evening papers as their wives demanded the right to vote. In time the demands fizzled. Women forgot, and men were thankful.

Pearl apparently sensing that her popularity was waning, attempted another drastic act to revive interest. On June 30th, she tried to commit "suicide." A deputy came at her call.

"I can't bear this life any longer," she cried, and threw a handful of powder into her mouth. Then she fell to the floor moaning.

The Sheriff, unable to revive her, called for the doctor. After a brief examination, the doctor said, "Quit your shamming, Pearl."

"What do you mean?" Pearl cried indignantly.

"You can't commit suicide with talcum powder," said the doctor, dryly.

Pearl was furious, but that was the end of the "suicide."

The suicide act was too much for the sheriff, and he announced that he was going to send her to Tucson. Pearl Hart was given skirts and a hat for this trip, and it proved that she wasn't as good-looking as a girl as she had been a boy. She was very glum about leaving Joe Boot. They kissed each other goodbye. But when she got to Tucson and found a curious crowd waiting for her, she was a little happier.

Pearl was placed in a large room in the court house. There was a fellow prisoner there by the name of Ed Hogan, a trustee, who brought her meals and who found her very attractive. Two days before Hogan was to be released, he asked Pearl to escape with him.

"No," she answered, "I won't have anything to do with it!"

That night he disappeared. There was a routine search, but the sheriff wasn't too troubled, for Hogan had been a nuisance as a town drunk.

LATER IN THE NIGHT, Pearl heard a tapping on the plaster partition. Ed had hidden in the tower all day and now he was going to get her out.

Pearl still resisted, but finally she held a sheet to catch the plaster until he had a hole large enough for her to crawl through.

Her escape caused quite a sensation. Just about that time it came out that Hogan was quite a notorious bicycle thief from Phoenix, and his real name was, Ed Sherwood. Rumors had the two escapees going in all directions, with even a capture on the road to Florence!

Pearl and Hogan actually were recaptured in October by Sheriff Scarsborough at Deming, New Mexico. By that time, Pearl was calling herself a bandit queen and starting a gang of her own. Again she was dressed as a boy in a flannel shirt and sombrero.

The night before her return to Tucson, two elderly ladies and a small child came to the jail to see her. Sheriff Scarsborough didn't like the idea of two prim ladies and a sweet child mixing up with Pearl Hart. He refused, but they persisted. The child pipingly insisted that Pearl Hart sign her card. The sheriff gave up. Pearl behaved, and the child got her card signed.

At the station, before she left for Tucson, she had another chance to retell her story of the stagecoach robbery at Globe to her persistent and still faithful admirers.

She was placed in the Pima County jail to await trial. On June 15th, Pearl and Joe were in Florence to be tried for the stagecoach robbery. The court room was filled, and the camera fiends were taking pictures. Pearl was good-natured, and happy to be near Joe Boot.

Judge Dean conducted the trial, and Pearl was identified. The romantic aura of being a lady road agent was still untarnished, and the jury, out ten minutes, came back with a verdict of acquittal.

The judge was furious and told the jury what he thought of them for bringing back such a verdict—and he dismissed them from any further panel. In the meantime, Pearl was rearraigned on the charge of stealing a gun from the driver. This case was prepared and presented, and the trial took less than an hour. The jury returned with the verdict of guilty in thirty seconds.

Judge Doan sentenced her to five years in the Territorial Prison at Yuma.

Joe Boot, in a separate trial was found guilty of highway robbery—the same charge of which Pearl had been acquitted—and he was given thirty years!

On her way down to the prison at Yuma, reporters met her along the way and talked to her. She now was smoking big cigars, and posing as a tough character.

As a guest at the penitentiary, Pearl proved to be a bigger nuisance inside than outside.

The penitentiary had been built for men, and so Pearl had to be isolated in another part of the jail. There was another headache too. People wanted to come in and see the lady road agent. There were always newspaper men, tourists, and camera fiends.

Pearl's sister, Mrs. Frizzell of Silver City, New Mexico, an actress, wrote a play about Pearl's adventures called *The Arizona Bandit*. She came to see Pearl and held a large press conference, announcing that when Pearl was released, she would have the leading part in the play.

For showmanship or for real, Pearl got religion in jail and could give a fine lecture on Why Crime Does Not Pay, along with grave warnings to mothers to watch their daughters. In a short time, people began to campaign for her release, and the prison personnel supported the people, either from chivalry or because Pearl was such a nuisance.

IN 1902, PEARL was released on the ground that there was lack of accommodation for women prisoners. All that Pearl asked from the state was a pair of white gloves.

Joining her sister in Kansas City, Pearl began rehearsals as the leading lady of *The Arizona Bandit*. But some of the reporters took a rather dim view of Pearl's acting ability.

In 1904, she was heard of again in an arrest for complicity with thieves. She was known now as Mrs. L. P. Keele and refused to give any information about herself, although when confronted with her picture, sent up to Yuma Prison, she confessed that she was the famous lady bandit. This small thievery put her in disgrace with the profession of outlawry and also put her into the lockup in the Kansas City police station.

But it gave her another chance to talk to admirers about her stage robbery which had brought her such lurid fame. In fact, her enthusiasm was so great at the time that she wrote a poem about it. She passed out the poem to reporters. Shortly afterward, she disappeared, and no one heard of her for some time.

About 1924, a woman came to the Pima County courthouse and wanted to look around.

"Why?" asked the attendant.

"I want to see if the place is the same," replied the woman.

Curious, the attendant took her around. She looked at the stairway and the old tower, and smiled. "Not much change," she said.

"What is your name?" asked the attendant.

"Pearl Hart," she said, with what may have been her last dramatic bid for fame and attention.

And that was the last public notice of Pearl Hart. She had done pretty well in carrying out one poorly-planned stage holdup, but the bones of Burt Alvord must have been uneasy in their grave at her poor management. Perhaps it was as well, for the safe of the sovereign state of Arizona as well as for Pearl Hart's neck. ● ● ●

## NAZI TORTURE QUEEN

(Continued from page 19)

around in their black and silver uniforms, gagged a little on the smell from time to time. But it was a hell of a lot better than freezing on the Russian front with the rest of the boys.

Gerta tried to bury the smell in cheap perfume. She poured it over her lush body by the spoonful. It didn't help much. The smell of death clung to her clothes. The odor of crematory smoke was in her hair. It was the only thing Gerta Holland never got used to. Aside from that, however, Gerta was having a ball.

Nobody knows where Gerta came from. Willy Steiner, the brutal and drunken Sergeant of the Guard, had picked her up someplace. Maybe she was a slut from the gutters of Weimar. Maybe she was a Gestapo prisoner, slated for the ovens, whom Willy had snatched for his own purposes when he got a look at her magnificent body. Nobody knows for sure.

But they know Gerta was *there* —ruling her own little empire from the SS barracks and causing more misery and sheer hell than any ten of the brutal guards.

Little Wolfgang Klopper was the first prisoner to see her. Klopper was a small-time thief and pickpocket hauled in off the streets of Frankfurt in a routine Gestapo raid. Little Klopper had been given the job of caring for the dogs. It wasn't a bad job. Wolfgang could steal a little dog food now and then. It was better than the slop they served the prisoners. As a criminal, rather than a political prisoner, the SS men were inclined to treat Klopper with good natured contempt. He was the only prisoner the dogs were allowed to come near, as pets. Willy Steiner was proud of his dogs. He wanted to show them off to Gerta.

At Steiner's command, Klopper opened the door to the kennel and let the dogs out into the compound. Gerta smiled as she leaned against her SS lover. "Is that all, lieberman?" She simpered in bored voice, "From what you told me, I expected to see man-eating wolves. These are just ordinary doberman police dogs. I've seen a hundred as big or bigger in town."

Steiner grinned and winked solemnly at Klopper. The little thief shuddered. "He's been drinking!" he thought, "God protect us when Herr Steiner has been lapping up his schnapps!"

"These dogs are special, my pet," laughed Steiner. "These black bastards are trained. Isn't that RIGHT, Klopper?"

"Yes, Herr Feldwebel!" said Klopper. To himself he added, "You bitch! Why don't you take him away from here? You don't really want to see the dogs perform I know your kind. I've seen you and your sisters swinging your hips in front of the Baunhoff often enough. You're only interested in one thing. Take him away, before somebody gets hurt!"

As if she'd read the little thief's mind, Gerta said, "I've heard so much about these great hounds of yours, Willy. But you still haven t told me what they can do."

Steiner hiccuped and grinned. "Shall we SHOW her, Klopper my old and rare? Shall we show her with *you?*"

KLOPPER'S MOUTH went cotton dry and his knees turned to mush. Too terrified to speak, the little thief stood there in an agony of fear as Steiner hissed a low command at the big dobermans. At the whispered order the biggest dog bared his teeth and looked at Klopper. His ears went back flat against his head and he started walking slowly forward on stiff legs.

"Please, Herr Feldwebbel!" gasped Klopper through chattering teeth. The dog growled low in its barrel chest. A ribbon of saliva dripped from its bared teeth as it readied itself to spring. Suddenly, Steiner snapped his fingers and the dog stopped.

'He'd do it, Klopper!" laughed the SS man!" He'd rip you just like the others, wouldn't he?"

"If you told him to, Herr Feldwebbel!"

Klopper swallowed his heart. Steiner wasn't as drunk as he looked. The big SS man looked at the blonde chippie and said, "We can't let him have little Wolfgang, my pet. Who'd clean out the kennels? We'll have to show you another way." Turning from the kennel he looked across the compound. There was a sickly looking man in striped prisoner's garb carrying a bucket of slops from the kitchen. Steiner called to him. "You! You with the slop bucket! Come over here."

Wordlessly the prisoner approached. He was a new fish, thought Klopper. He didn't know any better than to come near the kennels when the drunken sergeant called. Klopper clutched a wooden corner of the kennel and tried not to be sick. He didn't want to look.

"Bitte, Mein Herr? Please, Sir?" asked the prisoner. His eyes were puzzled as he eyed the swaggering man in silver and black. There was a trace of fear as he looked at the dogs, a trace of something else as he eyed the woman in the tight red dress. There was no mistaking what she was, and even a starving man needs a woman.

Steiner said, "Watch this." To the dogs he said, "Get him!"

Too late the prisoner realized why the other prisoners had taken cover when the dogs were let out of their kennel. Too late he knew the meaning of those white faces in the windows of the drab barracks. Too late, he started to run . . .

There wasn't any place to run. Buchenwald wasn't a very large camp—possibly four city blocks across. It was divided into three sections by inner wire fences. The prisoner's only chance was to make it back to the cover of the kitchen. He didn't make it.

Wolfgang Klopper didn't look. He didn't have to. He could tell by the agonized scream when the pack brought their human quarry down. He bit his knuckles to keep back the groans of rage and fear. He looked at Gerta. He looked at the red dress and the lush curves it barely hid and he tried to think of other things. It had been a long time since he'd had a woman. Never in his shabby little life had he had one like this. But he couldn't even think about her. Not now, not listening to the screams of the dying man. Not looking at her and realizing she was actually enjoying it.

"*Wonderbar!*" sighed Gerta, when the grisly show was over. "You were right, Willy. Those beasts are magnificent. We must keep them away from you, mein lieberman."

The hounds didn't get to Willy Steiner. But the bottle did. Twice he was drunk on duty. The SS had a long waiting list for the cushy job of camp guard. Brutality was one thing, sloppy salutes and turning up late for guardmount was another. The Commandant had Willy transferred to a *Waffen* SS Battalion, headed for the eastern front. Later, the war crimes investigators learned, to their regret, that Willy Steiner had met a sober Russian with a tommy gun who'd given him a far cleaner death than he deserved.

Gerta, with Willy gone, tried to latch on to another boy. She didn't have as much luck as she'd expected. The other SS Guards took a few whirls through the sheets with her. But nobody seemed to want to

make it semi-permanent. She was a good looking head, they all agreed, but the black and silver uniform gave them first crack at any Hitler Madchen within sound of a wolf-whistle. The Nazis had a "Strength through joy" camp just down the road and the boys didn't want to tie themselves down . . .

Passed along the SS barracks row, Gerta was running low on mad money. She finally had to ask her current lover, a handsome young sadist named Ludwig Zuber, for the price of a new set of garters. The SS man laughed in her face.

"Pay *you*?" he grinned, "Dumkopff, you should pay *us*! Don't you know we are the new super race? Hell, woman, you're not bad. Not bad at all, but every teen age virgin in Weimar is ready to come to us at the snap of a finger!"

"But Ludwig. I haven't ten marks left. What will become of me? I thought that the least you could do . . . after we've meant so much to each other . . . was give me enough to get back to town."

"Not a chance, Schatze!" grinned the SS man. Then an impish look came into his eye. Pointing toward the prison compound, he said, "Now, the boys in there might be willing to pay—if you keep the price right. They don't see anything like you very often. Yes, I'd say you could easily get 200 marks a date from the scarecrows."

"You're joking." Pouted Gerta, "Even if I was willing to date those dirty little men, how would they get the money?"

A SUDDEN LIGHT bulb lit in Ludwig's blonde head. As an SS man he'd naturally acquired a part interest in the gold fillings from the crematory. But it didn't amount to much. A new racket had just dawned in his greedy little brain. Turning to Gerta he said,

"You know, I bet some of these guys really could get a little money if they really wanted to!"

Thus, with Ludwig Zuber as her pimp, Gerta Holland set up the world's oldest profession in the strangest place it's ever been plied: in the crematorium of Buchenwald.

It was a natural place. The crematorium was avoided by most of the brass. The Oberleutenent in charge agreed to Ludwig's plan for a cut and the five prisoners who worked inside the place were willing to take their hush money in trade. The five criminals chosen by the SS to burn the bodies didn't need any money. They knew damned well they'd never get out of the place alive. They knew too much. Meanwhile, they were given better food and Gerta was a well stacked dish. If you didn't mind the taste of human ashes in your mouth, it was the best place in camp!

Ludwig dropped his normally nasty sneer and started acting almost human around the prisoners. There was a reason. He was drumming up business.

The SS guard searched every prisoner as he arrived. Every stitch of clothing was confiscated and they were issued thin cotton pajamas with vertical blue stripes. It seemed impossible that any of the prisoners should have money. But as every prison guard knows, SOMEONE always does. By swallowing money and later recovering it. By picking it up on work details where a relative had left it. By a hundred and one stratagems, the prisoners had accumulated a little money. And as in every society, some men were richer than others.

Hans Zimmermann was one of the richest. A prize fighter on the outside, Zimmermann had climbed to the top of the ant heap with his big fists. He needed money bad. Money would get you extra food at Buchenwald, and Zimmermann was a big man. He needed a lot of food. The *warmbroders* were his choice victims. The perverts and pansies of the camp whose accumulated "tips" for services rendered to the more prosperous prisoners and a few of the guards with exotic tastes. Zimmermann only had to kill three of them, in the darkness of the blacked-out barracks, to convince every *warmbroder* in camp that it was healthier to kick back a few of their marks to the boss of Barracks Seven. Zuber paraded Gerta around the compound a few times. Enough to let the prisoners have a hungry look at her curves, then he approached Zimmermann with his proposition.

Gerta and her big boxer had their date in the privacy of the vault beneath the crematorium. When Gerta blew out the stub of the candle, you couldn't see the blood stains on the white washed walls, under the meat hooks where the executed prisoners hung while they waited their turn to go up to the ovens.

Zimmermann didn't worry about the bloodstains. The moonlight through the one window outlined Gerta's marvelous body. With an animal whimper, the big prisoner drew her toward him. It was worth every one of the 200 marks ($2.00) she charged him, and Zimmermann knew where he could get more.

"When can I visit you again?" he pleaded.

Gerta sighed, "Any time, handsome. Can you afford so many dates with me?"

Zimmermann cracked his knuckles and smiled in the dark. A certain little Polish Jew in his barracks was rumored to have a few marks in the black pouch he wore on his neck. Kissing Gerta roughly on the throat, Zimmermann growled, "I'll be back tomorrow night!"


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He was, and the night after that. It was rough on the men in his part of camp, though. The little Jew had died defending his few marks from the brutal prizefighter and a German pansy was lying in the bare prison hospital with a fractured skull.

Two more men went down under Zimmerman's iron fists. Then they found him by the kitchen in the cold grey light of dawn with a big red puddle of blood spreading out under his fallen body and a stolen butcher knife driven clear through his guts.

Gerta may have lost one customer, but there were more where he came from. Night after night she plied her trade in the grisly love nest under the crematorium. Ludwig would have let her use the place in the day time too, but the SS had other uses for the room in the basement.

There was a slide, like a coal chute, leading down into the white washed room from the alley behind the crematorium. Prisoners were ordered to slide down the chute into the cellar. At the bottom stood two SS men, waiting for them in the dark.

As the prisoner slid down the chute, the SS men grabbed him by the identification tag wire around his neck. Twisting the wire like a garotte, they quickly lifted the surprised victim off his feet and slipped the wire over one of the meat hooks along the wall. There, he was free to hammer his heels bloody on the white washed wall, for as long as his breath held out. Sometimes there would be no wire, or the wire would break. The SS men were in a hurry. They'd toss him up on the hook anyway, driving the sharp hook up under his jaw bone and through the roof of his mouth. It left a lot more blood on the wall when they did that. But Gerta didn't seem to notice.

AT NIGHT, while Gerta entertained her dates below, the bodies were taken upstairs in a dumbwaiter and shoved in the ovens to smolder away. Then, as the light of dawn outlined the rising plume of greasy smoke, the last customer would crawl back to his barracks. Gerta Holland, a girl with a thirst for men, led a very busy life under the Buchenwald ovens. Ludwig let her keep half and she was getting richer every day. Then a man named George S. Patton, Jr. spoiled her racket.

The Americans came fast—faster than anyone had expected. The Shermans rolled through the pine forests of Thuringia ahead of the rest of the U. S. Army. There was so much to do and so little time to do it. Records had to be destroyed, and prisoners. Prisoners who knew too much. The crematorium was working overtime. Ashes piled ankle deep on the floor and overflowed into the execution room below. Gerta had to take her business elsewhere.

Half the SS men had taken a powder. The other half were killing prisoners as fast as they were able. Gerta opened shop in one end of the SS barracks.

Bodies piled up in ghastly windrows outside the crematorium. The fuel gave out and there was no point in keeping the five men from the crew alive. They knew too much. A burst of Schmeisser slugs piled them up on top of the others. Only their better fed bodies marked them from the rest of the stinking cadavers.

At night, exhausted SS men, half crazed with blood letting and with the stench of death in their nostrils, wanted a woman.

There was no time for the Hitler Madchens now. No time to strut around Weimar in the black and silver uniform. The Amies would be in Weimar any minute and it was rumored that they shot SS men on sight! No longer scorned by the SS killers, Gerta raised her price. They didn't argue. She was the only decent looking woman available. The few married SS men had long since cleared out with their families.

The others were about to do the same. Ludwig was one of the last to leave. He had a little cleaning up to do first.

He found Gerta near the barbed wire fence, staring at the piled bodies with distaste. The staccato bark of pistol shots around the camp signaled the end of strategic prisoners. The SS had given up the idea of killing them ALL. There were too many, standing around in frightened huddles behind the barbed wire as they waited like sheep to be slaughtered.

"I'm glad I found you here, Gerta," said Ludwig. "It simplifies matters." He raised his pistol. Gerta looked at him in stunned disbelief. "You fool!" she screamed, "What are you going to do?"

"Sorry, Gerta. It's time to clear out. I can't leave you for the Amies. You know too much to live."

"Why not take me with you?" she asked. Sweat ran down her forehead as he raised the pistol without answering. "Wait!" she cried.

"Stop and think! You NEED me, Ludwig." His pistol hand wavered and he raised an eyebrow. Quickly, she went on, "The Amies will be looking for you, Ludwig. Where will you hide? How will you get food? You can't work. You don't even dare show yourself in the daylight. One look at that blonde head and some Amie will want you to take off your shirt. How are you going to explain the SS bloodmark under your arm?"

"Go on. Keep talking."

"You'll need money, Ludwig. Money and clothes and papers. And I can get them for you! With me

along, you can make it."

"Where can you get money? Germany is finished!"

"From the Amies and Tommies and the Ivans, if I have to! We can stay in the same business, you and I! The Amies are rich! I'll bet they give me more than 200 marks!"

Ludwig lowered the pistol and grinned. "All right, partner," he laughed. "Let's get out of here. The Amies are in Weimar right now and we'll have to make it through the forest south. I was just hanging around to finish you and Klopper, anyway. I can't find the little thief and he knows too much."

"Let him go. A warm meal and a drink of schnapps will finish him."

With a final look at the piled corpses Ludwig holstered his gun and led the way across the open clearing toward the pines. One of the bodies on the pile moved and two little ferret eyes of hate glared at the SS man and his blonde doxie. As they neared the woods Klopper sprang to his feet and ran to the kennel. Opening the door, he called the hungry dogs out. Pointing to the red dress and the black and silver uniform, Klopper hissed softly. The dogs tensed and looked the way he was pointing. Klopper watched the swaying hips under the red dress. "Get them!" he hissed. The dogs bounded forth as if from a spring gun. Klopper was still laughing when the first American tank rolled through the gate. ●

## SHOOT TO KILL

(Continued from page 12)

hair. I knew that the only thing to do was to aim low, thus sparing my blood-brother from the shame and agony of strangulation. But my pulse made the rifle sway like a branch in the wind. And I was lying in soft sand, with no firm rest for my elbow.

At last I lowered my rifle a second time, and Shere Makmud and his friends shouted like jackals chasing a fox, asking me tauntingly why I did not fire, and if I thought the range was *still* too short.

It was when I heard those taunts that my blood began to boil. Turning to the Chief, I asked if I might go up to the top of the hill and prove my marksmanship by hitting the stone from there.

Laughing, he gave permission. It was a small hill, but the sides were steep. I climbed up alone.

It was my last chance. And I swear that neither before, nor since, has any Afridi aimed a rifle with greater care.

I MADE MY BODY part of the rock on which I lay. I cleaved to it with my chest, my knees, the insides of my thighs and my feet.

I thought of the sun and the wind and the distortion of the glare from the sand. While I made the calculations I prayed to Allah. Then my forefinger tightened on the trigger as slowly as the tendril of a plant curling 'round a twig.

I held my breath. I think even my heart stoped its beating. And then—gently, lingeringly, as if I were kissing the lips of a *houri*—I dispatched the bullet. But even before it had left the barrel, I knew that it would never hit the pebble.

I had aimed short and a little to the left—very short, if the truth is to be told. Instead of winging its way above the plain to where Abdul stood, my bullet struck the sand close to the foot of the hill . . . yes, but before it struck that sand it had passed through Shere Makmud's head!

Before Shere Makmud's body touched the ground, his brother somersaulted in the air with my second bullet through his spine. I was firing faster than a man could blink his eyes. My third bullet brought down Shere Makmud's father; my fourth and fifth sent yet two more of the lying dogs howling to the gates of Paradise.

There was no cover where they could hide. I could have killed them *all* with ease. When I shouted to them and asked if they were satisfied with the test, they answered on their knees with their hands raised in the air. With one voice they cried that Abdul Hakim was innocent, and they pleaded with me not to fire again in case I should once more miss the pebble.

I told one of them to release my blood-brother—then to return to the village for two Arab ponies, and provisions and water to last two men 30 days—or take my blood brother's place at the stake.

We left the place of the flying bullets and the corpses that defiled it, and headed many hundreds of miles into the hills and beyond. There, no man questions the marksmanship of Feroz Khan and the magic power of his beloved American rifle. ●

## MATE-EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 17)

occurred to me to try. It wasn't that I didn't need him or want him or miss him when he was away. My body would sometimes cry with need. But still, I forced myself to passively take it.

The day he suggested swapping was absolutely terrible. I was shocked; I was hurt; for the first time I felt actually betrayed.

He had just come home from a business trip. He told me about a party he had attended. There had been five couples, and three of them had brought their wives along. He and another man had been "fixed" up" with dates by these other couples. For two days and two nights they had gone through an absolute orgy. Dan told me in exact details everything they had done. For the first time he had gloated over it. He


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had obviously relished each and every act they had performed. I was frightened.

Then he came right out with it. He told me that he wanted to engage in swapping. In fact, he'd already made a date with those same other couples for that purpose.

I broke down and cried. I refused to have anything to do with this crazy idea. The very thought repelled and revolted me. The idea of letting another man, a stranger make love to me seemed to be absolutely horrible. The discussion ended in hysterics.

But Dan kept after me. He wouldn't let up. He cajoled; he argued; he threatened. And in the end I broke down. With reluctance and fear, I agreed to go through with it.

The evening of the first party, I was literally shaking with terror. I was so scared I could hardly dress myself. My hands were actually trembling. How I managed to finish, to get into the car, I don't really know. In fact, I hardly even remember the ride over to the home of the couple who were acting as hosts. I think I was in a state of shock.

We went inside the house and were introduced around—at least I was. My husband already knew the other people. What struck me as eerie was the fact that the others seemed so relaxed and matter of fact about the whole thing. They were pleasant, cordial and acting as if all of this was the most ordinary thing in the world to be doing.

It seemed as if I didn't have a friend in the world. Even the wife of the one man who, like Dan, had not been with his wife at the orgy, didn't seem too disturbed. In fact she seemed to be as excited at the prospect as her husband. She was looking forward to this new experience. I began to wonder if perhaps I were some kind of a freak. Yet in spite of that, I kept wondering how I was going to face up to it, when the reality of the situation came to a head. I think that in the back of my mind, the idea remained that this was only a bad dream and that I'd certainly wake myself up, just in the nick of time.

But I soon learned it wasn't a dream at all. About a half hour later, after some pointless conversation and a few drinks, our hosts suggested that we get on with it. I thought wildly about finding a way out of this mess, even the thought of running away entered my mind. But I couldn't do it. I honestly believed that if I left this so called party it would be the end of my marriage. And I love Dan too much for that.

I think that it was very lucky that this was not the old-fashioned type of swap in which couples switch and then retire in private for their sex. If I'd ever been alone with a strange man I know I would have chickened out. However these folks wanted an orgy type of exchange, the kind of thing they'd enjoyed only a week and a half before. Everything was going to happen right there, in the middle of the living room.

Everyone started to strip. That wasn't so bad. It didn't seem nearly so awful to be naked as long as all the rest were. I got out of my clothes somehow and stood there, shivering, in spite of the fact that it was quite warm.

AND THEN IT all began. People began having sexual relationships right there and then.

It was extremely peculiar. In spite of myself, I was fascinated with what I saw. I was also frightened, but the sight of two people in a love embrace was doing something to me inside. I literally lost myself in the picture I was watching. Vaguely, I was conscious of a male approaching me. He said something, but for the life of me, I don't recall what it was. I know that right after that, I could feel his hands all over me. But it didn't actually mean anything. I was getting more stimulation from the scene before me. What he was doing was merely an additional sensation, not the basic cause.

Yet I must have reacted to him. For suddenly I felt myself sinking gently down on the floor with someone I didn't even know. I became aware of the sudden arousal of direct sexual excitement. And then, without there being any change—it all was so utterly natural, I stopped being an observer and turned into a participant. I don't even think I saw who my partner was. I can't possibly remember his name. I know in my mind, that it was one of the four other men. It had to be, because there was Dan, locked in an embrace with a large redhead, not ten feet away from me. But which one was the first to take me, I still can't say.

But it was good. I started to fade out. The actions around me clouded over and then disappeared as my instincts turned away from others toward the feelings that were taking place inside of me. The entire universe became me, and me alone. My partner wasn't even a person; just someone, something that was causing me to become an explosion of delight. I neither knew nor cared if he were enjoying himself. Only I mattered. And I was riding on a wave of ultimate ecstasy.

When it was all over, I just lay there on the floor, my eyes closed, savoring all of the deliciousness. I still couldn't believe that this had happened to me. But something deep in my brain told me that if it had,

then whatever it was had been good and wonderful.

The rest of the evening was something of a violently mixed up haze. I know that I wasn't frightened anymore. Nor was I as passive and reluctant. I know that I was with several other men. I'm not sure who Dan took. I stopped paying attention. I concentrated on myself. That was enough for me. But I do remember that a few of the things we did got quite complicated. And the last time, there were more than two of us taking part in the activities.

Many people say that when they get home after their first big swap, they're so worked up that they begin all over again with their own mates. That didn't happen to me. I was completely exhausted. I fell into bed and was asleep in less than five minutes. And I slept almost solidly, for thirteen hours. But when I did wake up, I felt much better, more alive, more vibrant than I had felt in years. It was practically as if I had been reborn; as if I were a brand new person.

When I told Dan how good I felt, he laughed and said that he'd told me I'd like it. I still wasn't completely convinced. But at least I was ready to admit that there might be something to this business of swapping. I'd have to withhold judgement. If it was all like the night before—but I couldn't accept that thought yet. Still, I agreed that I'd be willing to try it again and with less reluctance. Maybe, I said, there was something good in it. If I proved wrong, I wasn't going to be muleheaded about it.

It was two weeks before we had the next party. I did a lot of thinking in the interim. And the more I contemplated the behavior, the more tolerant I became toward it. Mind you, I wasn't actually enthusiastic but I was more than ready to give it a real and honest try this time. I made up my mind that I was going to approach it with my eyes wide open, with every corner of my mind prepared to observe and experience. No more dazed acceptance; no more passive participation. The only way I could know for certain whether I wanted to continue or not would be a full, a total experiment on my part.

And that's the way it was. Without the fear, the terror, the repulsion I had felt before, I was able to assess my own reactions. I could see and get to know the men who were my own partners and I found that I could watch with interest what the other women were doing and how.

But one thing didn't change and that was the sensation that came over me. Sex was wonderful, more exciting, fuller, more complete than anything I had ever known before. I had to admit, long before I got back home, that I was truly enjoying myself; that I was getting as much fun out of it as any of the others in the group. It's a hard thing to admit, even secretly to yourself, that you've been wrong. But I came to the conclusion that the sooner I made my apologies the better. And so, during a lull in the action, I got Dan alone for a moment and told him. He patted me on the back and remarked, "That's OK, kid. I knew you would. And I'm glad you're having fun. Keep to it."

AND FROM THAT moment on, right up to the present, I've been a complete and absolute convert to the philosophy of swapping.

I'm glad I made up my mind the way I did. For swapping grows and grows in scope as one continues. It's hard to realize all the potentialities, before you begin. It doesn't seem possible that there can be so many new acts, new ways to perform sex, new sensations and new delights. But the truth of the matter is that the satisfactions of swapping are practically endless. There always seems to be something that you've never tried before. And ninety-nine times out of a hundred, it proves to be a wonderful experience.

True, I'd taken part in a combination sex act that very first evening. But I was in no condition to appreciate the total ecstasy that total involvement can bring. And by careful planning, with your own feelings considered, anyone can invent a group game that can literally triple, even quadruple the pleasures you've known before.

And just as important was the discovery that nothing about sex is unique. Everything you do, is done by others. All the feelings you have, others know too. It makes you willing to accept many of the new things you learn. For there is nothing right or nothing wrong with any sex activity. It's all in one's own mind.

Thus, for example, no matter how good, how strong, any man might be, it's a plain fact that he cannot keep up with a highly aroused woman. A girl can keep going for hours. A man needs considerable rest between bouts. True, many women are less desirous than others, but almost every woman faces that problem at one time or another.

In our group, we've come to the conclusion that the only way around this state of affairs is for the women to enjoy each other. And where formerly I would have rejected this solution as horrifying and unthinkable, after seeing how wrong I had been about swapping to begin with, I was ready to accept this type of love play, once I discovered how very much the other girls were enjoying it.

Another case at point was my attitude toward photos and movies. Before I began the swapping game, I'd blush and feel embarrassed when I saw them, even when my husband showed them to me in complete privacy. Now I've come to recognize them as excellent stimulators, as things to relish and enjoy. And I'm happy to take part in poses so that I become a part of the picture, not just an observer.

Mind you, these are just small items. Thousands of you will no doubt think that all of this is just minor; that these are the most ordinary ways of the world. But to me they are additional proofs of the way that I've changed. And perhaps they're indications that I've finally begun to grow up, to face sex with an adult and mature outlook.

Perhaps the trouble with modern civilization and morality is that so few poeple are aware of the complete possibilities of sex. Marriage is great. There's no getting away from that. And the bulk of sex activity is still within the marriage. No swap group, no swap games can approach day in, day out fun and happiness of the married state. But the swingers give an additional dimension. They add something extra that cannot be found in marriage, no matter how free and uninhibited a couple may be. There just isn't the scope in any two person relationship for the endless varieties of happiness that a full sex life can bring.

I'm perfectly aware that the bulk of men and women think the way I used to believe, not the way my mind functions now. They are convinced that swapping is wrong. They are certain that only evil can result.

Perhaps it's true for most of them. I don't know. I can't make judgements for anybody but myself. I found that swapping is right for me. I'm glad my husband talked me into it. And I'm delighted that I had sense enough to accept the joys that my body was capable of. I'm sure I did the right thing, for me.

But that's all I can be sure of. Everyone else has to make their own decisions. I've told you how I reacted. What you conclude from it, is your own affair. I just hope that whatever your decision, you find happiness. Every man and woman deserves that. ●

## NUDIST COLONIES

(Continued from page 27)

have developed and invented a few cute variations to stimulate the opposite sex. You'd be absolutely amazed at what these girls can do with their most secret anatomy.

The variations pay off, too. One for the fellows. The problem for

every interested man has to be satisfied. This makes it very interesting for the fellows. The problems for the man has now resolved itself, how to show attraction for the girl you want, without getting involved with some dame you don't care for.

So far it's almost harmless. Hardly more than the fooling around you might see at any really drunken suburban party. But the nudists have this distinct advantage over the rest of us. Since they start already stripped, they can move further and faster and with a lot less inhibition.

Examine, for example, the "camera club" of one West Coast camp. This delightful society, originally founded for the pursuit of outdoor photography, has now run the gamut of the ordinary volleyball and nature study shots. It has now turned to what its members call, "the search for the unusual!" And it offers a series of prizes for the best picture of the week.

In the last six months, every winning shot has been a sex picture. But even the straight, ordinary study of sex would be a relief compared to what is turned out here. Remember, these people are dedicated to the "unusual" and to them all that can signify is way out, if not out-and-out perversion. The winning picture, the week before I left was an undoubtedly artistic pattern piece showing a checkerboard arrangement of pairs, alternately two boys, two girls, two boys, two girls ad infinitum.

I could go on and on cataloguing the perversions, seductions, and orgies, even the settings of pornographic movies being made for commercial distribution and featuring unpaid but enthusiastic amateur actors, fully aware of what they are doing. But you do get the point. Seek and you shall find. And there's plenty to be found by the careful searcher. The really important point is what drives otherwise ordinary men and women, boys and girls into this kind of public sex worship?

The best way to find out is to permit a few of the nudists to give their own answers. Surprisingly enough, they're not the least bit bashful or backward.

HERE'S MARSHA. I met her at a midwestern setup. Let's listen to her for a while.

"You're looking at everything backwards," she explained. "You seem to feel that people should fit into cozy little moral squares. And when we won't do it, you get all upset. But this is the twentieth century. Why shouldn't we have some fun. What's the difference. Nobody expects people to be virgins any more. And with the pill and other things you haven't a chance of being caught.

"Even back home all the girls and fellows enjoy sex. But you have to be careful about it. Neighbors and professional snoops. It can hurt you at your job. You know what I mean. So come vacation time you want a chance to let go. And the nudist camps give it to you. I take off my clothes and I know the guys are going to look. Why not I look too. But you know what they're looking at. That's why I came in the first place. I know it. They know it. Everybody knows it. At the beginning, you're shy. But after a while when you see everybody doing anything they want, right out in the open, you relax and let go. Frankly, I can't wait until my vacation comes around each year so that I can let my clothes go rot and begin to enjoy myself. And you want to know something? I think I'm happier and healthier this way than I ever was before. I only wish I'd found out about it a long time ago. I could cry thinking about all the time I wasted."

Now we turn to Dan, a southerner and a nudist for five years. This is what he has to say.

"What's any fellow interested in when he looks at a girl? Her top and her bottom. That's normal enough. Out in the street, you stare at some gorgeous build and you never can tell whether it's real or artificial, that is unless you're lucky enough to get friendly with her. And what are the odds on that, considering all you see in an average day. Here it's different. You spot what you like and you know it's all for real, rich, solid, jiggling meat; one hundred percent government inspected.

"Naturally, when you find a girl you like, you want a sample. So you make a play for it. More than likely the girl responds. She's probably here for exactly the same purpose that you are. And maybe more so. Don't let anybody kid you. Wherever you find fellows and girls together, you're going to find sex. That goes for a vacation hotel as much as a nudist camp. Except here we're more open about it.

"From the man's point of view, he's looking for all the women he can make. What's a vacation for if not for that. The girls are looking for romance and husbands. That's the way women are. But nowadays nobody ever goes for anything without giving it a trial run. The girls know this and the fellows won't have it any other way.

"Now maybe at a resort a couple may be more discreet. They'll sneak into a private corner or hide in a haystack. But here nobody hides. You get over that at the very beginning. Hiding is the same philosophy as wearing clothes when you don't need them. But when you strip down and quit hiding your own body, you also quit hiding your emotions, your needs, your desires. You have a healthy attitude. And since sex is part of life, you learn to accept that along with everything else.

"I'm not trying to give you a philosophy lesson. I don't go in for deep thinking. But all of this should be very easy to understand. There's fellows and there are girls. They're built differently. And it's the differences that attract attention. But when you start thinking about those differences, well everything else just goes on naturally from there. That's what it's all about."

Listen to Irene, a girl in her very first season as a nudist. At the time she'd only been in the camp for about eight days and was still able to blush as she talked about her experiences.

"Look," she began, "I'm not educated like you are. I only just did manage to get through High School. So if I use the wrong words, I hope you'll fix them up. I don't want to sound vulgar, but sometimes it's the only way I can say things—you know, straight out. And it sounds all wrong that way.

"I thought a long time about coming here—since last year when my girl friend told me about it. It was sort of scary and exciting at the same time. I knew all the boys would look at me. I'm not too bashful. And I figured that I could take it if everybody else was in the same boat as me. But the thought of all those boys—looking at them, I mean. It was kind of funny—peculiar, I mean. It's not that I haven't—well, you know—I've been to bed a couple of times before I came here. That's the correct way to say it, isn't it? So I know how men look—close up, I mean.

"Even so it made me nervous, all over. I'd have nightmares about it. There'd be hundreds of fellows all crowding around me and they—well—I'd wake up feeling almost as if I were going to faint.

"I made up my mind I had to come here, otherwise I'd go crazy. It was sort of facing up to things—proving that I wasn't afraid.

"When I came here, it wasn't taking off my own clothes that bothered me. It was the thought of all the men looking at me. And the very first day, I couldn't help looking. I guess I just stared at the first few fellows. And they just laughed at me. They kept standing there, enjoying my nude body.

"It got to me too. By the end of a couple of hours, sex was so

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much on my mind that I had to get a boy. I just had to. It was as if every nerve in my body was directing me to one thing. It was the kind of need I didn't know existed.

Oh, there was no problem about that. There's always a guy to proposition any girl. So I made a pass at the first one I met and when he responded I practically jumped at him. It was that bad.

"And afterwards I felt ever so much better. I could relax. Maybe I was just frustrated, though I'd never thought I was. Or maybe it's that I just can't look at a man's body without thinking about sex. And you know, come to think of it, maybe that's why fellows and girls have so much trouble understanding each other's thoughts in the dressed up world. Girls' clothes show off a girl's body, but a man's clothes only go to hide his body. No wonder fellows think sex all the time. I never thought of it that way before.

"Anyway, since I've been here, I've had some sex every day. It's the only way I can get along. I don't think it's wrong, either. It's the natural way to live. And that's why I'm here, to be natural."

ALL OF THESE people obviously think that they're doing the right thing in the right way. Though whether they are or not, is a matter of opinion. Certainly nobody is going to argue that morality as it is actually practised is the same today as it was a hundred years ago. But neither would most people agree that current morality has made sex an open and permissive operation.

Perhaps the psychologists who have argued against nudism as a normal way of life are correct. For their belief is simply that when you give up the protections that three thousand years of civilization have built, you open the door to all the animal instincts that tend to disrupt society. Inhibitions are the devices that nature had given us to prevent us from losing control. When we surrender one inhibition—modesty for example—we weaken all the others.

The family is still the basic unit of our way of life and the family is built on the premise of a sexual faithfulness between one man and one woman. When sex loses its meaning, when each partner has so little respect for his or her body that they can offer it aimlessly, for mere pleasure, the chances of future family success decrease sharply.

And nudism apparently does just that. By baring the sexual organs, nudists, both men and women increase temptation. While some can resist, many cannot. And as pair after pair surrender, the power of resistance in the rest steadily decreases. In the long run, there are few holdouts.

Sex runs rampant in nudist colonies simply because the human body itself is an open ivitation to sex, a continual reminder of sex.

We are well aware that there are thousands of nudists who will dispute all this; who will point to themselves and their friends; their camps and their organizations as pure and sexless enterprises. And no doubt there are all the good, clean camps they claim there are.

But it is also equally true that for every such "good" camp, there are two that turn the other way when sex rears its head; whose owners and operators are only too willing to tolerate anything that goes on, so long as it means full cabins and full cash registers. It's also a fact that at almost any camp, good or bad, pure or sexy, the boys and girls who want to play games will find all the partners they desire.

For when a man can look at a woman without thinking about anything except volleyball, the world will have reached a pretty low ebb indeed. And in a nudist camp, there's a lot to look at. Take it from me. ●

## TREASURE OF SAN ISYDRO

(Continued from page 21)

unrest in the areas has continued to offer new potential searching sites.

These treasures range in size from a few thousand dollars (equivalent value) to collections worth millions of dollars. Quite a few of these have been found. But even the fragmentary records available demonstrate that there are at least fifty times more that no one has even started to look for.

Now don't start fooling yourself. Most of them are not easy to come by. Those in the most convenient locations are usually impossible to get to. Those who own or live on the land are hardly willing to permit strangers to take it away from them. For the treasure hunter who is looking for a fortune, the remoter back country permits a longer and more thorough search. Unfortunately, it's also a lot more dangerous. Mountain and jungle are not the greatest friends a North American can find.

The area we were working was along the Bolivian-Chilean border. Actually, it was in Bolivia, but the Andes in that section are not distinctly national. While not quite as high as the Aconcagua range to the south or the great Peruvian massifs to the north, it's still vicious. The peaks are in the 16-19000 foot level; the passes running from 7-12,000 feet. But the history of that part of the world makes it ripe treasure country. O'Higgins by land and Cochrane by sea made life miserable for the Spanish nobility of the Pacific coast. Several of those who fled were forced by the very nature of the country to take the lower passes of this section in an attempt to reach sanctuary. Unused to the mountains, they had to abandon what they carried. The Andes were just too rough to take it any further.

Personally, I like the high country. I was born and raised at 7000 feet. I've worked in mountain country all my life. And I've climbed plenty too; the peaks of Colorado and my native Wyoming; the hills of California and in the Swiss Alps. I'm pretty well equipped to handle myself above the treeline. So when I ran across the first clues to the Treasure of San Isydro, it seemed like a natural for me to try for it.

It started out with a girl, which from my point of view couldn't have been better. I met her in Spain, Cordoba, to be exact, that pearl city of Andalusia. No, there wasn't the least bit of upper-class about her. The very fact that an average American Joe could pick her up, tells you plenty about her. Good girls don't behave that way in Spain.

But who wants a "good" girl. Isabella had what I wanted, and even better, she wasn't the least bit backward about giving it away. Man, did that girl have a red-hot body! And so long as my dough held out, it was obviously all for me!

It's funny the way time behaves. A one-night stand turns into a three day orgy. After a week, you begin to feel comfortable together. After a month, it's turned into an open affair. By the end of three months she's your recognized mistress; everyone in town knows all about it and since in Spain such a relationship is accepted as normal, people begin tipping their hats and greeting you by name. And the same girl who was formerly thought of as little better than a whore is now felt to have reached the status of a legitimate woman. It's peculiar, but it's true. Maybe it isn't quite the same thing as being married, but it's close to it. She's not an outcast anymore. She is fully accepted.

I SUPPOSE SHE liked her new position in the world. She was well aware that decent men don't marry girls like her—in Spain. To be the permanent mistress of an honest and honorable man was her greatest ambition. She felt she'd achieved it with me.

Along about then she began telling me all about herself. She claimed, as she told it, to have noble blood, the descendant of one of the South American refugee families. Her

grandfather, as she told it, had died as a result of a duel while still a young man. Unmarried, he had been taken after the fight, to the home of his mistress. And there, before dying, had handed to the woman the papers that gave the exact location to his family fortune, abandoned by his father during the flight from Chile. He had managed to write a last deed, willing that fortune to their child, a baby girl of three months.

In all of that time, there had been no chance at all to search for or claim what was felt to be rightfully theirs. For generation after generation, they had been poor cabaret girls or prostitutes. People like that just don't have the money to hunt for treasure thousands of miles away. But they had kept the paper. It was their family pride, proof in their eyes that their blood was noble, their ancestry something to be proud of. She finally showed me the paper. It wasn't a map. It was a straight description. It attempted to tell specifically and exactly where a fortune in gold, silver and jewels had been abandoned and hidden. Unfortunately, even on first reading, I could see that the hidalgo who had written it was neither a surveyor, engineer or mapmaker. The descriptions were hazy. The landmarks not too well described. But there was enough in it so that I felt an on-the-spot investigation might well be worth while.

As I saw it, this was no pie in the sky deal. It was apparently quite legitimate. And what was even better, Isabella had, in writing, a legal right to claim it. If it paid off in anything, there had to be a profit. I couldn't see what I had to lose. There was certainly no reason—other than Isabella—to stay in Spain. I suggested a treasure hunt to her. She was enthusiastic. Even if we found nothing, the thought of a trip—a voyage to far off places was romance beyond belief. I could well afford it. So the decision was made. We'd make the attempt.

The details of arranging the trip are hardly of interest. It's enough to say that three weeks later we were in western Bolivia, on the first leg of our trip into the Andes. Isabella was like a child with a new toy. Every new town was the cause of oohs and ahs. The excitement of riding on a ship, a train or a plane made her almost hysterical with joy.

But I was more interested in the problems than in the joys of the trip. And there were problems that I hadn't considered. First of all, I had to figure out where we were going. The Pass of San Isydro was a starter. It didn't appear on any map that I could find. I'd had no doubt that Isabella's great grandfather might easily have known it by that name, but modern cartographers seemed to have a different idea. Unfortunately, I was stuck with the official nomenclature as it was written.

But I did have certain clues. First, it was somewhere in the vicinity of the Sal de Surire in Chile and Negrilos in Bolivia. Secondly the pass, over 80 kilometers long, had more than 1/2 of its length above the tree-line. In this tropical area, tree line would be between twelve-five and thirteen thousand feet. That's quite a pass by anybody's reckoning. Thirdly the peaks around the pass towered 1 1/2 kilometers above the travelers. One and a half, that's fifteen hundred meters, the metric mile—approximately 5000 feet. That would place the pass between two 18,000 foot plus giants. Lastly, it was an unmarked pass at the time. There wasn't any road. The party of refugees had been given directions by a group of friendly Indians.

Checking modern survey maps with old charts gave me several hints. And by eliminating numerous areas that just plain didn't fit in, I was able to narrow down the areas of search considerably. But I was still left with twelve passes that COULD have been possible. One thing I did feel certain of was that I had to search generally north of Mt. Cabaray.

So it all boiled down to a matter of search and eliminate. But in that part of the world, it's easier said than done. Western Bolivia is upland jungle country. Getting from one area to another, even when separated by only a few miles is a terrible undertaking. And when combined with the terrible wall of the Cordilleras and the offshoot spurs that intrude on the countryside for miles, moving about becomes an even harder task. Wasted time becomes a major hazard. And that lost time can turn days into weeks; weeks into months. Nothing ever happens quickly or as scheduled on a search such as this.

Aside from the slow process of elimination, isolating the pass we were looking for should have been a simple matter. But there were two enemies; the altitude and the weather. The first one can sap the energy of any human being—after all there's 40% less oxygen in the air at that height; the second can utterly destroy you. And the long period of time we took before we finally found the right location to search took its toll.

Even in the driest weather, storms form regularly over the mountain peaks. Daily storms at the higher elevations are a matter of course. And no one, even someone totally used to the high country can ignore them. What can be a gentle rain in the lower jungle can be a fierce outbreak of snow and hail above 10,000 feet. And being pelted by ice in hunks as big as your fist, with nothing but bare rock to sit on, and only occasional boulders to break the fall and give a partial cover is not the healthiest way to spend your time. Isabella was becoming quite disenchanted with the entire business.

STILL, WHEN WE did finally find the correct pass, everything seemed to change for us. It was as if a rainbow were forming over the world. For suddenly, every description fell into its proper place. We knew what to expect. The words of the century old paper had by now been thoroughly memorized. And when to our right and to our left; the landscape in front of us and behind suddenly formed the exact picture that had been engraved in our minds, we actually shouted out loud with the excitement of it all. We were standing right in the heart of the Pass of San Isydro. We knew it with a finality that couldn't be denied.

It was March, the end of the Andean summer. On that particular day the temperature in the pass stood at 34 degrees. It was sunny, and though there were small clouds on the western horizon, we didn't particularly worry about them. We knew it would probably snow by late afternoon, but afternoon storms were too common to be bothered about.

The directions were quite specific. On the left of the highpoint of the pass was a cliff face rising up about eighty feet. On one point of this rock, the Grandee had carved a cross, dedicating this spot to San Isydro, the patron saint of his former Hacienda. It was there, eroded and faint, but still recognizable. From there, 100 paces due east. We took them. At that spot, a gully directly across the pass ran diagonally from northwest to southeast. From where we were standing, mark a line that would strike the gully at right angles. We mentally drew that line, and sighted along it. It struck the gully at a point about eighty feet above the pass floor. We headed toward it. For on that exact spot, the treasure had been hidden, in a shallow trench only about a meter deep.

Moving rock can be very difficult, especially when the stones have been frozen solid into place, when the very ground you're standing on is slippery with half-melted snow. And even more so at 13,000 feet, when every effort seems magnified a hundred times, when each stroke of pick and shovel is accompanied by a wheezing gasp. It took hours.

But by two in the afternoon we had uncovered the first two boxes. There should be at least eight more,

if the descriptions were correct, and everything had been, up to now. We broke open the first box. Even tired as we were, we gasped with sheer excitement. Gold coins, silver, and personal jewelry glistened forth as if they had been freshly polished only the day before.

The box was heavy, small as it was. My guess is that it weighed over eighty pounds; not excessive normally, but at this altitude, after five hours of climbing and three hours of digging, a terrible weight to contemplate.

To make matters worse, the skies were darkening quickly. The storm was not too far away. I consulted with Isabella and we decided that it would be perfectly safe to leave the rest of the boxes and equipment until tomorrow. We didn't want to be caught out so far in the open. So, we'd haul down the first box to our camp, about 2800 feet below, in the shelter of the trees and come back the next day for another load.

The storm caught us a good 800 feet above treeline. It was rough. It was worse than rough, it was murderous. The clouds swept over us so that we could hardly see ten feet ahead. The snow was swirling like a solid sheet. And it was getting cold. I don't know what the thermometer read on the trail since I didn't stop to look, but later, back at our camp it had dropped to 23 degrees. A forty mile wind made it twice as bad.

We flopped into our tent, lit the stove and then just about collapsed onto our air mattresses. If we had been forced to walk another thousand feet, I don't think we'd have made it.

But rest, warmth and brandy can be the most perfect doctors in the world, and when the sun came out at about 6 P.M., we just looked at each other and smiled with glee. We should have known better. When a mountain decides to revolt, no mere human can hope to conquer it. For the next day, while it started out sunny, the weather soon changed. The fresh, unbroken snow made climbing more difficult. And we hadn't reached half way up the pass before the clouds came back, this time thicker and heavier than before. We had to turn back. It was just as well, This time the snow was accompanied by hail. It lasted till sundown.

We did reach the top of the pass the day after. But our treasure site was covered with better than three feet of fresh snow. We started to dig our way in, but hand't quite dug the path to the treasure site by five P.M. At that time we knew it was time to get down again. It was clear, but the thermometer was below twenty degrees and falling.

The next day was utterly impossible. It snowed from dawn till almost midnight. And the following day we hadn't climbed five hundred feet before we knew we were licked. At the rate we were going, we couldn't even reach the pass before nightfall.

SO WE CAME down. We'd have to wait until November at least, to make the next attempt. Nor were we particularly badly off. We had brought back one treasure chest. And all in all it accounted for better than $800,000. It might have brought more, but we did keep some of the jewerly as personal property.

To describe our subsequent battle with the Andes is to relate a saga of utter frustration. The following year was the worst in fifty years, weatherwise. Rain and thunderstorms were every day occurrences. We couldn't get within forty miles of the place. We camped in the vicinity for four months, but never once got the four good days back to back needed to get up, excavate and get down again. It seemed hopeless.

We made one more try, the year after that. This time we were partly successful. We brought down the second box we had uncovered and a third box which we found. But before we could do any more, the place was again covered by snows. And then, when it did clear up, earthquakes in the entire area made mountaineering far too dangerous.

We had now spent three years in the quest. Altogether we'd recovered about two and a half million dollars in value. And when, at the start of the fourth year, we were again faced with an earthquake danger, we reluctantly came to the conclusion that the mountain Gods were getting angry. We'd made ourselves rich. There was no use in risking everything just for a greedy "More!"

So there you have it. We recovered thirty per cent of the fortune. The rest of it, seven chests at least, are still up on that pass. Isabella and I—we're married now, after four years we figured we might as well make it permanent—are quite happy with what we have—a ranch in Wyoming—a winter villa on the Spanish Riviera and a fortune in the bank.

If you want to be a millionaire, help yourself. You've got as much direction as we feel like giving. We won't identify the pass with any more details. For who knows, some day we, or our children may want to go back for the rest. It's a gamble—there may be nothing left to go back for — but we'll take the chance. But in the interim, help yourself, if you can. There's plenty there. But remember, mountains are not to be jested with. We'd hate to find your skeleton. And in the high country, that's only too, too possible. Good luck. ●

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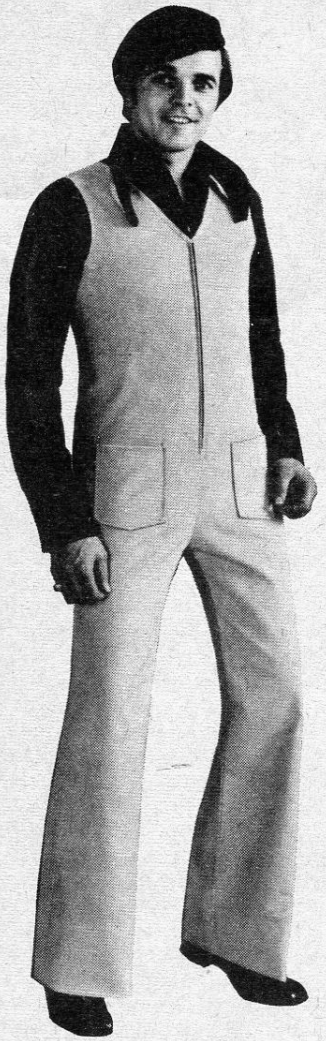

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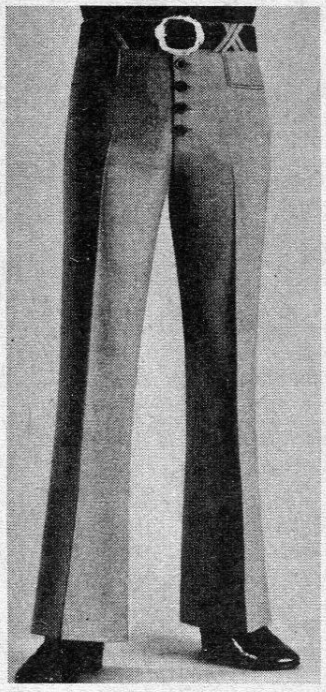

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**All details in our file #3789. Only the name of the Universal graduate has been changed to respect his desire for privacy . . . Ed.**

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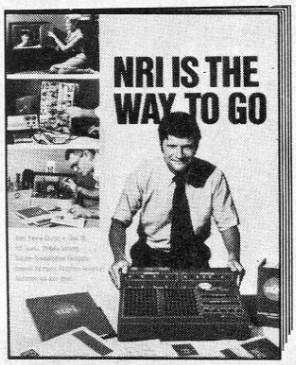

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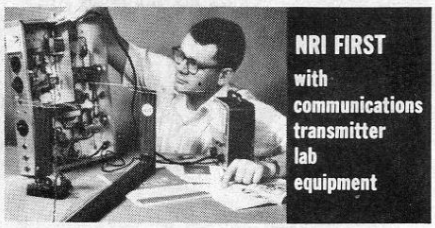


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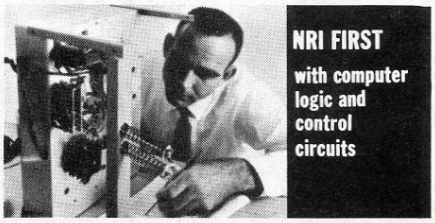


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